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READINGS A.

No. 14

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

L. MAY HAUGHWOUT



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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Aftermath.—Mrs. M. E. Banta	126
At the Mt. Holly Camp-Meeting	15
Betsy Hawkins Goes to the City	74
Botts Twins, The.—P. R. Stansbury	44
“Buy Your Cherries.”—M. F. Rowe	42
Casey at the Bat.—Phineas Thayer	185
Cats, The.	58
Charlie and the Possum.—Harry S. Edwards	130
Coliseum, The.—Lord Byron	54
Comanche.—Joaquin Miller	157
Country Summer Pastoral, A.—S. W. Foss	86
Court Scene from “The Winter’s Tale.”—Shakespeare	83
Debil, Mighty Debil	122
Dot Vinder Dime	72
Endurance.—Florence Percy	73
Ever So Long Ago.	152
Farewell, The	78
Finished Education	97
Ginger and the Preacher.	145
God After All, A	47
Grandmother’s Hour with the Hymns.—Mrs. Mary E. Lee	167
Happy Farmer, The.—Laura May Haughwout	63
Happy Little Cripple, The.—James Whitcomb Riley	17
He Didn’t Ask	181
Heart Never Grows Old, The.—Josiah R. Adams	112
Hector’s Farewell to Andromache.—Trans. by Wm. Cullen Bryant.	153
Her Daring Protector	95
Ich Bin Dein.	139

In the Barn	180
In the Hall	56
In the Hospital.—Algernon Tassin	183
In the Pit.—Frances Hodgson Burnett	189
Incident of '64, An	59
Legend of Kingsale, The	135
Leonard and the V. C.—Juliana Horatia Ewing	100
Like a Tree	188
Little Advice, A.—Annie L. Lonergan	80
Little Drama, A	151
May Days	35
Moor Calaynos, The—John Gibson Lockhart	9
Mr. Slocum.—Ella Rodman Church	31
—My Other Clo'es	41
Nice People, The.—H. C. Bunner	117
Norvem People.—Irwin Russell	89
Old Ballad, An.—Samuel Lover	16
Old Folks' Thanksgiving	176
Outgrown.—Julia C. R. Dorr	48
Outrageous Fortune	140
Par Magee	29
Pines, The	159
Poor Rule, A	188
Portrait of a Lady	105
Prior to Miss Belle's Appearance.—James Whitcomb Riley	81
Private Rehearsal, A	106
Race for Life, A	163
Retribution	140
Round-up, A.—H. C. Bunner	169
Runaway Ride, A.—Frances Millard	91
Scenes from "King Henry VIII."—Shakespeare	19
Selling the Baby.—Ada Carleton	160
She "Displains" It.—James Whitcomb Riley	152
Society Boy, The	50
Tabby's Tea-Fight	51
They Will Never Do So Again	92
Things Not Always What They Seem	62
Tit for Tat	111
To Barbary Land.—Agnes E. Mitchell	87
Two Orphans, The.—Ben King	56
Uncle Newton—A Pinchtown Pauper.—Armistead Churchill Gordon	64

Up at a Villa—Down in the City.—Robert Browning	69
Way They Pop in Boston, The	166
What Is a Hedgehog ?	143
Where Do You Live ?	93
William Did	90
Winning Cup's Race.—Campbell Rae-Brown	113
Woman's Love	37
Wounded Cupid, The.—Robert Herrick	30
Young Schoolm'am's Soliloquy, The	176
Young Wife's Lament, The	124

INDEX TO AUTHORS.

	PAGE
Adams, Josiah R.	112
Banta, Mrs. M. E.	126
Brown, Campbell Rae	113
Browning, Robert.	69
Bryant, William Cullen	153
Bunner, H. C.	117, 169
Burnett, Frances Hodgson	189
Byron, Lord	54
Carleton, Ada	160
Church, Ella Rodman	31
Dorr, Julia C. R.	48
Edwards, Harry S.	130
Ewing, Juliana Horatia	100
Foss, S. W.	86
Gordon, Armistead Churchill	64
Haughwout, Laura May	63
Herrick, Robert	30
King, Ben	56
Lee, Mrs. Mary E.	167
Lockhart, John Gibson	9
Lonergan, Annie L.	80
Lover, Samuel	16
Millard, Frances	91
Miller, Joaquin	157
Mitchell, Agnes E.	87
Percy, Florence	73
Riley, James Whitcomb	17, 81, 152
Rowe, M. F.	42
Russell, Irwin	89
Shakespeare	19, 83
Stansbury, P. R.	44
Tassin, Algernon	183
Thayer, Phineas	185

WERNER'S Readings and Recitations.

No. 14.

THE MOOR CALAYNOS.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

I HAD six Moorish nurses, but the seventh was not a Moor,
The Moors they gave me milk enow, but the Christian gave me lore;
And she told me ne'er to listen, though sweet the words might be,
Till he that spake had proved his troth, and pledged a gallant fee.

“ Fair damsel,” quoth Calaynos, “ if thou wilt go with me,
Say what may win thy favor, and thine that gift shall be.
Fair stands the castle on the rock, the city in the vale,
And bonny is the red, red gold, and rich the silver pale.”

“ Fair sir,” quoth she, “ virginity I never will lay down
For gold, nor yet for silver, for castle, nor for town;
But I will be your mistress for the heads of certain peers;
And I ask but three—Rinaldo’s, Roland’s, and Olivier’s.”

He kissed her hand where she did stand, he kissed her lips
also,

And, "Bring forth," he cries, "my pennon! for to Paris
I must go."

I wot ye saw them rearing his banner broad right soon,
Whereon revealed his bloody field its pale and crescent
moon.

That broad bannere the Moor did rear, ere many days were
gone,

In foul disdain of Charlemagne, by the church of good Saint
John;

In the midst of merry Paris, on the bonny banks of Seine,
Shall never scornful Paynim that pennon rear again.

His banner he hath planted high, and loud his trumpet
blown,

That all the twelve might hear it well around King Charles's
throne.

The note he blew right well they knew; both paladin and
peer

Had the trumpet heard of that stern lord in many a fierce
career.

It chanced the King, that fair morning, to the chace had
made him bowne,

With many a knight of warlike might, and prince of high
renown;

Sir Reynold of Montalban, and Claros' Lord, Gaston,
Behind him rode, and Bertram good, that reverend old
Baron.

Black D'Ardennes' eye of mastery in that proud troop was
seen,

And there was Urgel's giant force, and Guarinos' princely
mien;

Gallant and gay upon that day was Baldwin's youthful cheer,
But first did ride, by Charles's side, Roland and Olivier.

Now in a ring around the King, not far in the greenwood,
Awaiting all the huntsman's call, it chanced the nobles stood.
"Now list, mine earls, now list!" quoth Charles, "yon
breeze will come again,
Some trumpet-note, methinks, doth float from the bonny
banks of Seine."

He scarce had heard the trumpet, the word he scarce had
said,
When among the trees he near him sees a dark and turbaned
head.
"Now stand, now stand at my command, bold Moor," quoth
Charlemagne,
"That turban green, how dare it be seen, among the woods
of Seine?"

"My turban green must needs be seen among the woods of
Seine,"
The Moor replied, "since here I ride in quest of Charle-
magne;
For I serve the Moor Calaynos, and I his defiance bring
To every lord that sits at board of Charlemagne your King.

"Now, lordlings fair, if anywhere in the wood ye've seen
him riding,
Oh, tell me plain the path he has ta'en—there is no cause for
chiding;
For my lord hath blown his trumpet by every gate of Paris,
Long hours in vain, by the banks of Seine, upon his steed he
tarries."

When the Emperor had heard the Moor, full red was his old
cheek;
"Go back, base cur, upon the spur, for I am he you seek!
Go back, and tell your master to commend him to Mahoun,
For his sou' shall dwell with him in hell, or ere yon sun go
down.

“ Mine arm is weak, my hairs are gray ” (thus spake King Charlemagne),

“ Would for one hour I had the power of my young days again,

As when I plucked the Saxon from out his mountain den—
Oh, soon should cease the vaunting of this proud Saracen !

“ Though now mine arm be weakened, though now my hairs be gray,

The hard-won praise of other days cannot be swept away.

If shame there be, my liegemen, that shame on you must lie—

Go forth, go forth, good Roland; to-night this Moor must die ! ”

Then out and spake rough Roland: “ Ofttimes I've thinned the ranks

Of the hot Moor, and when all was o'er have won me little thanks.

Some carpet-knight will take delight to do this doughty feat,

Whom damsels gay shall well repay with their smiles and whispers sweet ! ”

Then out and spake Sir Baldwin—the youngest peer was he, The youngest and the comeliest: “ Let none go forth but me ;

Sir Roland is mine uncle, and he may in safety jeer, But I will show the youngest may be Sir Roland's peer.”

“ Nay, go not thou,” quoth Charlemagne, “ thou art my gallant youth,

And braver none I look upon; but thy cheek it is too smooth,

And the curls upon thy forehead they are too glossy bright; Some elder peer must couch his spear against this crafty knight.”

But away, away goes Baldwin, no words can stop him now;

Behind him lies the greenwood, he hath gained the mountain's brow.

He reineth first his charger, within the churchyard green,
Where striding slow the elms below, the haughty Moor is seen.

Then out and spake Calaynos: "Fair youth, I greet thee well;

Thou art a comely stripling, and if thou with me wilt dwell,
All for the grace of thy sweet face, thou shalt not lack thy fee,

Within my lady's chamber, a pretty page thou'l be."

An angry man was Baldwin, when thus he heard him speak:
"Proud knight," quoth he, "I come with thee a bloody spear to break!"

Oh, sternly smiled Calaynos, when thus he heard him say;
Oh, loudly as he mounted his mailed barb did neigh.

One shout, one thrust, and in the dust young Baldwin lies full low—

No youthful knight could bear the might of that fierce warrior's blow.

Calaynos draws his falchion and waves it to and fro;
"Thy name now say, and for mercy pray, or to hell thy soul must go!"

The helpless youth revealed the truth. Then said the conqueror:

"I spare thee for thy tender years, and for thy great valor;
But thou must rest thee captive here, and serve me on thy knee,

For fain I'd tempt some doughtier peer to come and rescue thee."

Sir Roland heard that haughty word (he stood behind the wall);

His heart, I trow, was heavy enow when he saw his kinsman fall;

But now his heart was burning, and never a word he said,
But clasped his buckler on his arm, his helmet on his head.

Another sight saw the Moorish knight, when Roland blew his
horn
To call him to the combat in anger and in scorn ;
All cased in steel from head to heel, in stirrup high he stood,
The long spear quivered in his hand, as if athirst for blood.

Then out and spake Calaynos : “ Thy name I fain would
hear ;
A coronet on thy helm if set ; I guess thou art a peer.”
Sir Roland lifted up his horn and blew another blast :
“ No words, base Moor,” quoth Roland, “ this hour shall be
thy last ! ”

I wot they met full swiftly, I wot the shock was rude ;
Down fell the misbeliever, and o'er him Roland stood ;
Close to his throat the steel he brought, and plucked his beard
full sore :
“ What devil brought thee hither ? Speak out or die, false
Moor ! ”

“ Oh, I serve a noble damsel, a haughty maid of Spain,
And in evil day I took my way, that I her grace might gain ;
For every gift I offered, my lady did disdain,
And craved the ears of certain peers that ride with Charle-
magne.

Then loudly laughed rough Roland : “ Full few will be her
tears,
It was not love her soul did move, when she bade thee beard
the peers ! ”

With that he smote upon his throat, and spurned his crest in
twain,
“ No more,” he cries, “ this moon will rise above the woods
of Seine.”

AT THE MT. HOLLY CAMP-MEETING.

YOU 'member 'bout Phar'oh, brodering, I s'pose ? You 'member Phar'oh ? I done tol' you de story befo', but I'se gwine to tell hit agin. Hit will show you dat hit don' do to play smart wid de Lawd. Some ob you hain't converted yit. You is still in sin an' mis'ry. You t'inks you's all right 'ca'se you feels all right; but when de sweat ob wraff breaks out onter you, den look out !

Dat's de way hit wuz wid ole Phar'oh; he wuz a-libin' high down dar in Egyp' Lan'—w'arin' his bes' close on weekdays an' loafin' roun' seegyar sto'es all de time. When Sunday come, hit make no diff'rence to Phar'oh; he jis' gear up his ho'se an' go de same ole lick. He t'ought he wuz great. He t'ought nobody couldn't head him off; but de Lawd did.

Well, Phar'oh, he jis' run t'ings libely to suit hisself. He called de prophets by dar nicknames, frowed stones at de chillen ob Izrul, an' when dey come to vote on 'lection day, he challen' 'em 'ca'se dey didn't have dar papers. If anybody wanted a bill change', dey hed to go to Phar'oh; he hed all de money dere wuz outside de banks, an' he owne' all de open groun' an' woods, an' hed notices up, warnin' people f'um goin' gunnin' on 'em. Nobody hed no show. He wuz so strong in polities, dat nobody couldn't break his holt. He rode free on de cyars, an' nebber paid no toll on de road when he wuz a-dribin'. So you kin see how pow'ful he wuz ! When he got on de ticket, nobody dares to run agin him. He hed eb'ryt'ing his own way. Dis is de way de Lawd lets sinners do sometimes, jis' so He kin make de bigger fool ob 'em at de end.

Well, one day Phar'oh he got de contrac' to make a big lot o' bricks fur de gov'ment, fur to be used in buildin' a big pos'-office. Phar'oh, he made a deal wid de odder bidders an' when he got dar figgers, he done went under 'em an' got de job. Nex' day he went to Moses who wuz in de brick business, an' says :

"Mose," says he; "I'se got a big job fur you an' de chillen ob Izrul, an' I want you to gib me a bon' dat you'll hustle 'em an' git it done."

Moses said he would, an' afo' de week wuz out, him an' de chillen ob Izrul wuz doin' dar bes'. Purty soon dar wuz trouble. Phar'oh foun' fault 'ca'se dar warn't straw 'nuff in de bricks to make 'em hol' dar shape. Moses said he wuz puttin' in ez much straw ez anybody wuz, but Phar'oh wasn' satisfied; so de chillen ob Izrul went on a strike. Phar'oh wouldn' pay 'em no money fur de work dey hed done, an' dey couldn' git work in no udder yard, 'ca'se dey didn' b'long to de union, an' dey couldn' git no trus' at de sto'es. So Moses got down in de mouf. He went to Phar'oh to let him off on de contrac', so he could work summers else, but Phar'oh wouldn' do it. Arter a while Moses agreed to gib Phar'oh de bill fur de work he hed already done, an' so he let him go. Nex' day, Moses an' de chillen ob Izrul packed dar kits an' started fur home.

Soon ez dey wuz gone, Phar'oh wuz mad 'ca'se he hed let 'em off so easy, so he calls out de troops an' starts arter 'em wid a warrant fur bein' diso'd'ly pussons. Moses t'ought he'd be foller'd, so he hurried up to de Red Sea, whar de Lawd made a road fur 'em to go troo—Moses an' de chillen ob Izrul. Phar'oh foller'd him an' when he got ha'f way 'cross de sea, de dam broke, an' de whole gang wuz drownded.

Now, is dar anybody heah dat would like to be like Phar'oh? If dar is, let him stan' up.

AN OLD BALLAD.

SAMUEL LOVER.

LANTY was in love, you see,
 With lovely, lively Rosey Carey;
 But her father can't agree
 To give the girl to Lanty Leary.
 "Up to fun, away we'll run,"

Says Rose, "since father's so contrairy;
 Won't you follow me? Won't you follow me?"
 "Faith I will," says Lanty Leary.

Rosey's father died one day
 (I heard 'twas not from drinking wather);
 House and lands and cash, they say,
 He left by will to Rose, his darther.
 House and lands and cash to seize
 Away she ran so light and airy:
 "Won't you follow me? Won't you follow me?"
 "Faith I will," says Lanty Leary.

Rose herself was taken bad,
 The fever worse each day was growing.
 "Lanty, dear," she said, "'tis sad,
 To th' other world I'm surely going.
 I know you can't survive my loss,
 Nor long remain in Tipperary;
 Won't you follow me? Won't you follow me?"
 "Faith I won't," says Lanty Leary.

THE HAPPY LITTLE CRIPPLE.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

[From "Rhymes of Childhood," by permission of The Bowen-Merrill Co.]

I 'M thist a little crippled boy, an' never goin' to grow
 An' git a great big man at all!—'cause Aunty told
 me so.
 When I was thist a baby onct, I falled out of the bed
 An' got "the curv'ture of the spine"—'at's what the Doctor
 said.
 I never had no mother nen—fer my Pa runned away
 An' dassn't come back here no more—'cause he was drunk
 one day

An' stobbed a man in this-here town, an' couldn't pay his fine!
 An' nen my Ma she died—an' I got curv'ture of the spine!

I'm nine years old! an' you can't guess how much I weigh,
 I bet!

Last birthday I weighed thirty-three! an' I weigh thirty yet!
 I'm awful little fer my size—I'm purt' nigh littler 'an
 Some babies is!—an' neighbors all calls me "The Little
 Man!"

An' Doc' one time he laughed an' said: "I 'spect, first thing
 you know,

You'll have a little spike-tail coat an' travel with a show!"

An' nen I laughed—till I looked 'round an' Aunty was
 a-cryin'—

Sometimes she acts like that, 'cause I got curv'ture of the
 spine.

I set, while Aunty's washin', on my little long-leg' stool,
 An' watch the little boys an' girls a-skippin' by to school;

An' I peck on the winder an' holler out an' say:

"Who wants to fight the Little Man 'at dares you all
 to-day?"

An' nen the boys climbs on the fence, an' little girls peek
 thro',

An' they all says: "'Cause you're so big, you think we're
 feard o' you!"

An' nen they yell, an' shake their fist at me, like I shake mine—
 They're thist in fun, you know, 'cause I got curv'ture of the
 spine.

At evening, when the ironin's done an' Aunty's fixed the fire,
 An' filled an' lit the lamp, an' trimmed the wick, an' turned
 it higher,

An' fetched the wood all in fer night, an' locked the kitchen
 door,

An' stuffed the ole crack where the wind blows in up through
 the floor—

She sets the kettle on the coals, an' biles an' makes the tea,

An' fries the liver an' the mush, an' cooks a egg fer me;
 An' sometimes—when I cough so hard—her elderberry wine
 Don't go so bad fer little boys with curv'ture of the spine.

But Aunty's all so childish-like on my account, you see,
 I'm most afeard she'll be took down—an' 'at's what bothers
 me!

'Cause ef my good ole Aunty ever would git sick an' die,
 I don't know what she'd do in heaven—till I come, by an' by.
 Fer she's so ust to all my ways, an' ever'thing, you know,
 An' no one there like me, to nurse, an' worry over so!

'Cause all the little childrens there's so straight an' strong an'
 fine,

They's nary angel 'bout the place with curv'ture of the spine.

SCENES FROM "KING HENRY VIII."

SHAKESPEARE.

ACT II., SCENE 4.

A Hall in Black-friars. Persons of the Court assembled, including WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS, the Cardinals, who act as judges, KING HENRY on his throne; QUEEN KATHARINE seated some distance from the King.

WOLSEY. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
 Let silence be commanded.

KING HENRY. What's the need?
 It hath already publicly been read,
 And on all sides the authority allow'd;
 You may, then, spare that time.

WOL. Be't so. Proceed.

SCRIBE. Say, Henry, King of England, come into the court.

CRIER. Henry, King of England, come into the court!

K. HEN. Here!

SCRIBE. Say, Katharine, Queen of England, come into the court.

PLIER. Katharine, Queen of England, come into the court! [*The Queen makes no answer, rises, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet, then speaks.*]

QUEEN KATHARINE. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,

And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions, having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir, [*Rises.*]
In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath my behavior given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Even in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclined. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? What friend of mine,
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged. Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you. If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it, too, against mine honor aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away, and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up

To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
 The king, your father, was reputed for
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatched wit and judgment; Ferdinand,
 My father, King of Spain, was reckoned one
 The wisest prince that there had reigned by many
 A year before. It is not to be questioned
 That they had gathered a wise council to them
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,
 Who deemed our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
 Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
 Be by my friends in Spain advised, whose counsel
 I will implore; if not, i' the name of God,
 Your pleasure be fulfilled!

WOL. You have here, lady—
 And of your choice,—these reverend fathers; men
 Of singular integrity and learning,
 Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled
 To plead your cause. It shall be, therefore, bootless
 That longer you desire the court, as well
 For your own quiet as to rectify
 What is unsettled in the King.

CAMPEIUS. His grace
 Hath spoken well and justly; therefore, madam,
 It's fit this royal session do proceed,
 And that without delay their arguments
 Be now produced and heard.

Q. KATH. Lord cardinal,
 To you I speak.

WOL. Your pleasure, madam?
 Q. KATH. Sir,
 I am about to weep; but, thinking that
 We are a queen—or long have dreamt so,—certain
 The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
 I'll turn to sparks of fire.

WOL. Be patient, yet.

Q. KATH. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,

Or God will punish me. I do believe,
 Induced by potent circumstances, that
 You are mine enemy, and make my challenge
 You shall not be my judge; for it is you
 Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
 Which God's dew quench! Therefore, I say again,
 I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
 Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
 I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
 At all a friend to truth.

WOL.

I do profess

You speak not like yourself; whoever yet
 Have stood to charity, and displayed the effects
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
 O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong;
 I have no spleen against you, nor injustice
 For you or any. How far I have proceeded,
 Or how far further shall, is warranted
 By a commission from the consistory,
 Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me
 That I have blown this coal. I do deny it.
 The King is present; if it be known to him
 That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
 And worthily, my falsehood! Yea, as much
 As you have done my truth. If he know
 That I am free of your report, he knows
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore, in him
 It lies to cure me; and the cure is to
 Remove these thoughts from you; the which before
 His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
 You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
 And to say so no more.

Q. KATH.

My lord, my lord,

I am a simple woman, much too weak
 T'oppose your cunning. You're meek and humble-mouthed;
 You sign your place and calling in full seeming,
 With meekness and humility, but your heart

Is crammed with arrogance, spleen, and pride.
 You have, by fortune and his highness' favors,
 Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
 Where powers are your retainers; and your words,
 Domestics to you, serve your will as't please
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
 You tender more your person's honor than
 Your high profession spiritual; that again
 I do refuse you for my judge, and here,
 Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
 And to be judged by him.

[*She courtesies to the KING, and offers to depart.*]

CAM. The Queen is obstinate,
 Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
 Disdainful to be tried by it; 'tis not well.
 She's going away.

K. HEN. Call her again.

CRIER. Katharine, Queen of England, come into the court!

GRIFFITH. Madam, you are called back.

Q. KATH. What need you note it? Pray you, keep your way;
 When you are called, return. Now the Lord help!
 They vex me past my patience. Pray you, pass on;
 I will not tarry, no, nor evermore
 Upon this business my appearance make
 In any of their courts! [*Exeunt QUEEN and her attendants.*]

ACT III., SCENE 1.

A room in the QUEEN's apartment. The QUEEN and her maids at work.

Q. KATH. Take thy lute, wench, my soul grows sad with
 troubles;
 Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst. Leave working.

Song.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
 And the inmountain-tops that freeze,

Bow themselves when he did sing;
 To his music, plants and flowers
 Ever sprung, as sun and showers
 There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
 Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.
 In sweet music is such art,
 Killing care and grief of heart
 Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

[Enter a GENTLEMAN.]

Q. KATH. How now?

GENTLEMAN. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals

Wait in the presence.

Q. KATH. Would they speak with me?

GENT. They willed me say so, madam?

Q. KATH. Pray their graces
 To come near. [Exit GENTLEMAN.] What can be their business

With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favor?

I do not like their coming, now I think on 't.

They should be good men, their affairs as righteous;
 But all hoods make not monks.

[Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.]

WOL. Peace to your highness.

Q. KATH. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;
 I would be all, against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

WOL. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
 Into your private chamber, we shall give you
 The full cause of our coming.

Q. KATH. Speak it here.
 There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
 Deserves a corner; would all other women

Could speak this with as free a soul as I do !
 My lords, I care not—so much I am happy
 Above a number—if my actions
 Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
 Envy and base opinion set against them,
 I know my life so even. If your business
 Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
 Out with it boldly; truth loves open dealing.

WOL. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—*

Q. KATH. O good my lord, no Latin !
 I am not such a truant since my coming
 As not to know the language I have lived in.
 A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious ;
 Pray, speak in English. Here are some will thank you
 If you speak truth, for their poor mistress's sake :
 Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord cardinal,
 The willing' st sin I ever yet committed
 May be absolved in English.

WOL. Noble lady,
 I am sorry my integrity should breed—
 And service to his majesty and you—
 So deep suspicion where all faith was meant.
 We come not by the way of accusation,
 To taint that honor every good tongue blesses,
 Nor to betray you any way to sorrow,—
 You have too much, good lady ; but to know
 How you stand minded in the weighty difference
 Between the King and you, and to deliver,
 Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
 And comforts to your cause.

CAM. Most honored madam,
 My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,
 Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,
 Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
 Both of his truth and him—which was too far—
 Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,

His service and his counsel.

Q. KATH. [aside]. To betray me.—

My lords, I thank you both for your good wills;
 Ye speak like honest men—pray God ye prove so!
 But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
 In such a point of weight so near mine honor—
 More near my life, I fear,—with my weak wit,
 And to such men of gravity and learning,
 In truth, I know not. I was set at work
 Among my maids, full little, God knows, looking
 Either for such men or such business.
 For her sake that I have been—for I feel
 The last bit of my greatness,—good your graces,
 Let me have time and counsel for my cause.
 Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless!

WOL. Madam, you wrong the King's love with these
 fears.

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. KATH. In England,
 But little for my profit; can you think, lords,
 That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
 Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure—
 Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,—
 And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
 They that must weigh out my afflictions,
 They that my trust must grow to, live not here;
 They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
 In mine own country, lords.

CAM. I would your grace
 Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. KATH. How, sir?

CAM. Put your main cause into the King's protection.
 He's loving and most gracious: 'twill be much
 Both for your honor better and your cause;
 For if the trial of the law o'er take ye,
 You'll part away disgraced.

WOL. He tells you rightly.

Q. KATH. Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—my ruin!
 Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
 Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge
 That no king can corrupt!

CAM. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. KATH. The more shame for ye! Holy men I thought
 ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
 But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye.
 Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
 The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,—
 A woman lost among ye, laughed at, scorned?
 I will not wish ye half my miseries,
 I have more charity; but say I warnea ye.
 Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
 The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

WOL. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
 You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. KATH. Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon ye,
 And all such false professors! Would ye have me—
 If ye have any justice, any pity,
 If ye be anything but churchmen's habits—
 Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
 Alas, he's banished me his bed already;
 His love, too, long ago? I am old, my lords,
 And all the fellowship I hold now with him
 Is only my obedience. What can happen
 To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
 Make me a curse like this.

CAM. Your fears are worse.

Q. KATH. Have I lived thus long—let me speak myself,
 Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one?
 A woman—I dare say without vain-glory—
 Never yet branded with suspicion?
 Have I with all my full affections
 Still met the King? loved him next heaven? obeyed him?
 Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?

Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
 And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well, lords.
 Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
 One that ne'er dreamed a joy beyond his pleasure,
 And to that woman, when she has done most,
 Yet will I add an honor,—a great patience.

WOL. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. KATH. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
 To give up willingly that noble title
 Your master wed me to; nothing but death
 Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

WOL. Pray hear me.

Q. KATH. Would I had never trod this English earth,
 Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
 Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts!
 What will become of me now, wretched lady?
 I am the most unhappy woman living. [*To her maids.*]
 Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
 Shipwrecked upon a kingdom where no pity,
 No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me,
 Almost no grave allowed me. Like the lily,
 That was once mistress of the field and flourished,
 I'll hang my head and perish.

WOL. If your grace
 Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
 You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,
 Upon what cause, wrong you? Alas, our places,
 The way of our profession is against it;
 We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
 For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
 How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
 Grow from the King's acquaintance, by this carriage.
 The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
 So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
 They swell and grow as terrible as storms.
 I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
 A soul as even as a calm; pray think us

Those we profess—peacemakers, friends, and servants.

CAM. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears; a noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The King loves you;
Beware you lose it not! For us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. KATH. Do what ye will, my lords, and pray forgive
me,
If I have used myself unmannerly;
You know I am a woman lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray do my service to his majesty;
He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me; she now begs
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*]

PAT MAGEE.

WALKIN' wid Pat Magee
Down by the Tullagh bog,
"Mind where ye're settin' yer shteps," says he,
"Lest ye put yer foot on a frog.
Frogs is the devil," he says;
"I'm thinkin'," he says, says he,
"Av I carried yez over to yondher wall
The sorrow a frog we'd see."

Sittin' wid Pat Magee
Atop av a loose-built wall,

“ It’s unaisy I am in my mind,” says he,

“ Dhreadin’ the shtones might fall.

Shtones is the devil to shlip,

I’m thinkin’,” he says, says he,

“ Av I gave yer waist a bit av a clip

The sorrow a fear there’d be.”

Talkin’ wid Pat Magee,

Wid the arm av him round me waist,

An’ the red sun sinkin’, “ Agraḥ,” says he,

“ Will yez let me spake to the praste?

Delays is the devil’s delight,

An’ I’m thinkin’,” he says, says he

“ Av the two av us settled the matter to-night,

’Tis married next week we’d be.”

THE WOUNDED CUPID.

ROBERT HERRICK.

CUPID, as he lay ~~all~~ ong
Roses, by a bee ~~was~~ stung
Whereupon in anger flying
To his mother, said, thus crying,
“ Help! O help! your boy’s a-dying.”
“ And why, my pretty lad?” said she.
Then blubbering, replied he:
“ A wingèd snake has bitten me,
Which country people call a bee.”
At which she smiled, then with her hairs
And kisses, drying up his tears,
“ Alas!” said she, “ my wag, if this
Such a pernicious torment is,
Come, tell me then how great’s the smart
Of those thou woundest with thy dart!”

MR. SLOCUM.

ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

“CYNTHIA! Cynthia! won’t you tell us a story?” shouted a chorus of voices as the children pranced into the kitchen one rainy afternoon, where Cynthia Williams, my grandmother’s housekeeper, stood by a table making biscuit for tea. She was a perfect mine of interesting anecdotes and experiences, and when we made our yearly visits at grandmother’s country home, her stories were our greatest delight.

“Tell us one of your wild Indian scalping kind,” said Tom, giving a savage whoop, and attempting to scalp little May’s flaxen locks with the biscuit-cutter.

“I told yer about Injuns I knows on an’ more too,” said Cynthia; “but if ye’re a mind ter wait a minit, I’ll set down an’ hev a talk with yer jist as soon as these biscuits is baked.”

We were “a mind,” and in a short time the biscuits came out of the oven, and Cynthia, seating herself in the big calico-covered rocking-chair, took little May on her lap and began:

“Wul, childrun, did yer tell yer ‘bout Mr. Slocum?”

No, we had never hearu about Mr. Slocum—who was he?

“That’s the funny part,” said Cynthia; “he wuz an old white mule, an’ he wuz a real good old mule too; he hed worked faithful fer us so many years, father couldn’t bear to sell him. So he jist pensioned him off, an’ he hed a reel comfortable old age.”

“Cynthia, why did he have such a queer name?”

“Wul, the way of it wuz this: My father bought him of old Deacon Scran’s folks, an’ folks sed that old Deacon Scran wuz jist as queer as he could be, an’ namin’ his mule ‘Mr. Slocum’ wa’n’t the queerest thing he done, nuther. Wul, when my father got him he didn’t change his name, ‘cause he said ‘twa’n’t lucky ter keep changin’ the names o’ things. Wul, yer see it wuz nigh onter twenty years ago,

'bout war times. My father an' mother lived up in Massachusetts, an' I lived 'long with 'em. All my brothers an' sisters hed left hum, an' the time of the gret cattle show father an' mother wanted ter go. Yer see we hed only hed one hoss 'sides the mule, an' thet lioss he wa'n't fit fer wimin ter drive, so father took me one day an' mother the next.

"Wnl, strange as yer may think, they hed never left me 'lone afore, though I wuz goin' on sixteen, an' mother felt kinder anxious 'bout leavin' me; but finally she made up her mind to go, an' next mornin' 'bout sunrise she an' father got ready, 'cause it wuz a pretty long drive, an' mother wanted ter hev plenty o' time ter examine the butter an' bedquilts. As they wuz drivin' off, father called back an' sez he :

"'Cynthy, if yer feel lonesome, Mr. Slocum 'll keep yer company.'

"Arter they'd gone I worked 'round a spell, an' it did seem awful lonesome, so I thought I'd go out an' feed the critters, an' jist as I wuz a-liftin' my sun-bunnit down from the peg, I heerd a knock at the door, an' you'd better believe my heart stood still fer a minit. But I put on a bold face, an' marched right up ter the door an' opened it; an' there stood the dreadfulest lookin' man, all rags an' tatters an' dirt.

"'Good mornin', ma'am,' sez he; 'is you the only one ter hum?'

"I didn't speak fer a minit, my heart wuz a-beatin' so—an' I sez to myself, 'What shall I say?' I am the only one 'ceptin' the pig, an' the cow, an' Mr. Slocum!' an' then sez I, jist as bold as brass, 'Mr. Slocum's out ter the barn; would yer like ter see him?'

"Yer orter see that man's face fall.

"'Gin 'im my best respects, an' tell him I'll call again sometime.'

"An' he gin an ugly leer an' slunk off down the road, an' I kep' a-watchin' 'im till he wuz out o' sight, though I pretended ter be a-weedin' the verbena bed.

"Then I went out ter the barn ter feed the critters, an' I

patted Mr. Slocum an' gin him an extra dinner, an' sez I to him, 'Mr. Slocum, yer sarved me a good turn, an' I won't forgit it nuther.'

"Then I hed dinner myself; an' jist as I wuz a-puttin' the dishes away, I see a nice lookin' man comin' in the gate. I begun ter feel reel scared, but then I said, 'Mr. Slocum 'll keep me company.' So I walked out right pleasant ter meet him. He bowed perlite, an' sed he wuz the draft man, an' come to git names for the drafted. I gin him father's name, but lie wuz over age.

"Sez he, 'Where's your father?'

"Sez I, 'He's gone ter the show.'

"Sez he, 'Ain't there any other men 'bout?'

"'Mr. Slocum's out ter the barn.'

"'How old is he?' sez he.

"'He's pretty old,' sez I; 'he's thirty.'

"'That ain't old,' sez he; an' he wrote it down. 'What's his first name,' sez he.

"I didn't know what ter say fer a minit, but I wuz afeard he'd go an' ask Mr. Slocum himself. So I sez, 'His name is Elkanah,'—yer see that wuz old Deacon Scran's name—an' he wrote it down.

"'Any disease?' sez he.

"'No,' sez I. An' he wrote that down.

"Then I wuz so afeared he'd ask me more questions, I offered him cake an' cider, which he took, an' got up ter go.

"Sez he, 'It don't matter 'bout my seein' Mr. Slocum. You kin tell him, an' I'll send 'roun' ef he's drafted.'

"'Yes,' sez I, 'I'll tell him'; an' I wuz so near laugh in his face. Arter he wuz gone, I jist threw my apern over my head an' laughed till I cried. When father an' mother cuin back I told 'em wot a time I hed. Father laughed, but mother felt reel bad, an' sez she, 'I'll never leave yer agin, Cyntly, not ef Queen Victory asks me.'

"One day, a while arter, a man druv up ter the gate, an' told father that Elkanah Slocum wuz wanted. Father wuz afeared there'd be trouble, so he jist said, 'yis,' an' the man

druv off. They sent fer him twice arter that, but father made some excuse, but he felt dreadful 'bout it.

"One day, mother an' me see a hull lot o' men marchin' down the road. They filed in through our gate, headed by a reel handsum man. Sez he to mother, a-takin' off his cap, 'We've come fer Elkanah Slocum wot's been drafted.'

"Mother she didn't know wot to say, an' I thought 'twuz time the thing wuz explained. So sez I ter the Capting, 'Walk right out ter the barn ef yer please—he's out there.'

"So we all marched out ter the barn, an' I opened the door, an' sez I, 'There's Mr. Slocum!'

"'Look here,' sez the Capting quite savage, 'I didn't come here ter be made a fool of! Surroun' the barn!' sez he ter the men. I couldn't help smilin' a little as I see 'em a-scamperin' 'roun'. Then he sez ter me, 'Do yer know, Miss, yer triflin' with the United States gover'ment? Where's Elkanah Slocum?'

"By this time father cum up, an' he sez, 'Tell him all 'bout it, Cynthy—there ain't no other way.'

"So I ups an' told him jist how it wuz; an' sez mother, 'We never left her 'lone afore, Capting, an' we feel reel bad 'bout it.'

"'Wul,' sez he to mother, 'yer need never be afeared ter leave her 'lone agin. She kin take care of herself agin anyone; ' an' he jist haw-hawed right out, an' the men did too.

"Then we all felt quite comfortable an' mother invited 'em in an' giv' 'em some cake an' prime root beer (she made the best yer ever tasted), an' we hed a nice pleasant time. An' then they all marched away as grand as could be."

"But what became of Mr. Slocum?" said Tom.

"Oh, he kep' a-livin' on quite a spell longer, an' we petted him up, an' made much of him, an' when he died we took an' put a stun ter his head with his name on ter 't an' date of his death, fer he wuz a wonderful good old mule, an' it's thar yit—but sakes alive children! thar's six o'clock strikin', an' I must go an' see 'bout tea."

MAY DAYS.

IN the sweet May time, so long ago,
I stood by the big wheel spinning tow,
 Buzz! buzz! so very slow.

Dark, rough logs from the ancient trees,
Fireplace wide for the children's glees;
Above, the smoky boards and beams;
Down through a crevice poured golden gleams
Till the wheel dust glimmered like diamond dreams.

Mother busy with household cares,
Baby playing with upturned chairs,
Old clock telling how fast time wears.
These within. Out under the sky
Flecked mists were sailing, birds flitting by,
Joyous children playing, "I spy."
Up from the earth curled leaves were coming,
Bees in the morning sunshine humming,
Away in the woods the partridge drumming.

Oh, how I longed to burst away
From my dull task to the outer day!
But we were poor and I must stay.

 So buzz! buzz! 'twas very slow
Drawing threads from the shining tow
When the young heart was dancing so.
Then Hope went spinning a brighter thread,
On, on, through Life's long lane it led,
A path my feet should one day tread.

So pleasant thoughts would the time beguile
Till my mother said, with her sunny smile,
" My child may rest, I will reel a while."
Rest! 'twas the rest that childhood takes
Off o'er fences and fragrant brakes
To the wood where the earliest wild-flower wakes.

Oh, what enchantment the woodlands fling;
Spring of the year, and life's sweet spring,—
Words are poor for the thoughts ye bring!
But ye come together to me no more;
Your twin steps rest on the fields of yore,
Ye are mine on yonder eternal shore.

'Twas hard to leave, those bright May days,
The mossy path, the leafy maze
For common work and humdrum ways;
But my steps were turned; I was up the lane,
Back to the buzzing wheel again.

My yarn had finished a ten-knot skein,
And my gentle mother stroked my head:
"Your yarn is very nice," she said,
"I will make a beautiful table-spread.
You are my good girl to work so well."
Great thoughts my childish heart would swell
'Till the happy tears like raindrops fell.

I would toil for her; I would gather love
From many books, a mighty store,
And pay her kindness o'er and o'er.
She should work no more at wheel and loom,
My earnings should buy her a cozy room,
Bright and warm for the winter's gloom;
A soft arm-chair for her weary hours,
Books and pictures, music, flowers,
And all love brings these homes of ours.

So the sweet dream ran, while the wheel buzzed on,
Till the golden gleams of the light were gone,
And the chilling rain came dripping down.
Ah! my heart, has it e'er been so?
Cold clouds shading life's sunniest glow,
Warm hopes drowned in the cold waves' flow.

In the same low room my mother pressed
Each child to her softly heaving breast,

And closed her eyes, and went to rest.
The old walls crumbled long ago ;
Hushed the big wheels buzzing slow ;
Worn to shreds is the shining tow.
Yet with the bursting buds and flowers,
The gushing songs and pearly showers,
Life brightens as in childhood's hours.
And Hope, this glorious morn in May,
Spins golden threads that float away
To a heavenly home that is bright for aye.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

DOWN the broad hillside toward Jerusalem,
Saint James, the Apostle, passed at bloom of day.
Dim rose the olive trees, while soft by them
The young brook Cedron sang upon its way ;
Whilst afar, transfigured by the rosy mists between,
Its roofs, its domes, its temples, all outlined,
The royal city glittered like a star
Against the west where late the moon had shined.

Slowly he walked, all comforted by prayer ;
But as he drew nigh unto the city gate,
Behold a weeping suppliant stayed him there :
“ Oh, man of God ! ” she cried, “ ere 'tis too late
Show me thy mercy ; he I love lies low
Of fever, and the end of all draws near ;
But thou, thou canst restore him—this I know,
And through the red dawn I have sought thee here
Outside the gate. Oh, spurn me not, but give
Light to the dark and bid the dying live ! ”

Then, sweet as music waking in the night,
The voice of the Apostle blessed her ears :

“ Fair Rose of Israel, wedded to delight,
 My heart is moved to pity by thy tears.
 If thou wouldst save thy husband, go and ask
 Of every man a gift of time, a week,
 A year, a moment, or, perchance, a day.
 Throughout King David's city shalt thou seek
 Thine alms of life, and all the time men give,
 E'en so much longer shalt thine idol live.”

Up the long street sped on the loving one,
 And told her plaintive tale from door to door ;
 From dawn till e'en the setting of the sun,
 She called out to the rich and to the poor :
 “ Oh, fellow-mortals, pity my despair and God will bless
 You ; give me but a day from out your lives ! ”
 Alas, in vain her prayer, the rabble laughed,
 Some frowning, turned away, some cried,
 “ The woman raves ! ” while some, less cold,
 Refused an alms of time, but proffered gold.

Before a money changer's door she stayed
 Her weary feet to ask the boon she sought.
 “ Oh, Usurer, from thy loveless hoard grant me
 One day ! ” “ Time even must be bought,”
 The crafty fellow answered ; “ hast thou gold ?
 What wilt thou give me for a day—a year ? ”
 Then Hope's brief sunshine faded and grew cold.
 “ We are so poor,” she said. With a jeer
 The human spider sought his home again,
 And wove new webs to snare the souls of men.

Unto a leper Christ had healed of yore,
 She came ; but joy had made him thankless.
 With a shout of rage he spurned her from his door.
 “ Have mercy on my husband,” she appealed,
 “ As the great Rabbi pitied thee that day.”
 “ Ah, since thou knowest that story, then begone,
 Nor beg the years I yet have to live on.”

Into the haughty temple next she strayed,
 And told her story. "Now by Aaron's rod,"
 The High Priest thundered, "much am I afraid
 Thou art a sorceress and blasphemest God.

Ah, silly creature, who am I to be
 The victim of thy mad request? Beware
 Lest to the synagogue I summon thee.
 Out from the temple, woman! Out, I say!
 Thou fool! thus asking of man's life a day!"

A high-born Syrian, surfeited with all
 The world can give of pleasure, heard her plea,
 Lying at ease within his marble hall,
 While an Egyptian slave sang dreamily.
 "Fair as the day and night, art thou,
 But what thou askest is a silly thing;
 Loathsome is life, and happy are the dead.
 Small pleasure would this gift of time e'er give
 Thy dying husband. No, oh foolish wife,
 Sweeter the foam is than the dregs of life."

A brave centurion next she met,
 And told her story. "Now, by the gods," he cried,
 "Were I not sold to Cæsar thou should'st have
 The gift thou cravest. May the kind fates guide
 Thy steps, O Jewess, for thy face is fair
 As young Diana's in the woods of spring,
 And free men shall wax spendthrift at thy prayer,
 And give like monarchs. There is but one thing
 My pity can afford thee." "Gold?" she said,
 "No, Roman," and passed on with drooping head.

Urged by love's mad devotion last she came
 To him who asked of Christ, "What lack I yet?"
 But hearing, turned aside, and so became
 A Sadducee, who lived but to forget.
 Contemptuously unto her he said:
 "There is no second life; why should I give

The little time that doth with me abide,
In order that another man may live?
Cease weeping, pretty child, or bend your knees
In supplication to the Pharisees."

Then fell the night, and spent with grief and care,
Love's suppliant came back to the city gate;
But kindly sleep o'ertook her even there,
"It is so late," she murmured, "Oh, so late!"
And sobbed out in her sleep. But soon a smile
Came o'er her face as if an angel spake
To her soul some promise of the much desired grace;
And when the day broke, up the long white street
She sped, and knelt at the Apostle's feet.

"Master," she said, "the world is hard and cold,
And men have no more pity; but they seek
In selfish haste for faim, or love, or gold,
And show no mercy to the poor and weak.
Hopeless my quest was; but, dear Master, lo,
I do remember I am young, and give my days,
Hours, years, if thou wilt have it so,
That the loved idol of my heart may live.
Accept this gift. Oh, let his doom pass by,
And at thy feet, contented, will I die."

"Daughter," the prophet assumed, as he laid
His hand in benediction on her hair,
"Be comforted, for thy great love hath made
The Lord show mercy, and grim death forbear.
Return unto thy house, nor be afraid,
Behold, thy husband lives and waits thee there.
Long shall ye live in happiness, and cease
Life's toil the selfsame day. Depart in peace!"

MY OTHER CLO'ES.

I LIKE my other clo'es fust-rate. O' course they ain't as good as these

Fer playin' er fer workin' in, er diggin' caves er climbin' trees.

I couldn't wear 'em fishin', er fer anything that's work er play;

But they're all right fer Sundays when a feller jes' loaf's 'roun' all day.

They're almos' new. It's jes' six years I've had them other clo'es o' mine;

I'm goin' on fifteen now, you know, an' then I wasn't only nine;

The only thing that I don't like about my other clo'es is that

When they are on, my ma eyes me 'bout as a terrier does a rat.

I can't ride our old hoss bareback, er go in wadin' in the slough,

Er tumble down a high haystack—my ma'd think I was crazy to.

If I lean up agin a fence, er lie down on the grass to doze,
My ma comes to the door an' yells: "Be careful, James—
your other clo'es!"

But, say, I like them other clo'es when I ain't had 'em on fer long;

I look through all the pockets; that's when that there suit comes out real strong;

Fer in those pockets I kin find things that I lost an' wanted bad,

An' things I found an' put away, an' things I didn't know I had.

To-day I was to Sunday school, an' when the teacher wan't
 about
 I 'mused the class fer quite a while by emptyin' all my
 pockets out;
 I'd cruimbs an' sticks an' stones an' shells, an' buttons, keys
 an' gum an' strings;
 I don't see, come to think of it, where there was room fer
 all them things.

O' course, my old clo'ees suit me best, the new ones are fer
 style, you know;
 But then it's bully fun to search them pockets onct a
 week er so.
 My little brother, what's jes' six, he'll have 'em now soon
 as he grows.
 I'm sorry fer the boy, I am, what hasn't got no other
 clo'ees.

“BUY YOUR CHERRIES.”

M. F. ROWE.

[A true incident.]

AT the bar-room door sat drunken Jim,
 A beggar could scarcely compare with him,
 With his ragged coat, his battered hat
 And his worn-out shoes. There he sat,
 Winking and blinking that bright spring day.
 Wishing he knew some easy way
 To get money enough for one drink more,—
 For he longed for a drink as never before—
 And the bartender said that very day:
 “ You can only have drink when you've money to pay.”

Walking quickly down the street,
 Came a little girl, so clean and neat,
 With a basket of cherries on her arm,

Her clear voice calling, with musical charm—
“Here’s your cherries, juicy and sweet,
Red and ripe, just right to eat.”
She passed close by poor, drunken Jim
But never thought of selling to him;
But he reached his hand to her basket neat
And helped himself to her cherries sweet.

The child looked at him in strange surprise,
Then anger flashed from her big, black eyes,
And, “*Buy* your cherries, sir,” she said,
With a scornful toss of her curly head.
“I have no father to work for me,
I must work for brothers and sisters three;
So I sell cherries upon the street
To get them bread and butter to eat;
To steal from an orphan is mean and wrong;
Buy your cherries,” she said, and passed along.

“Buy my cherries,” said Jim; “yes, once, I could,
And there’s no reason but now I should,
Only the cursèd whisky and beer
That have robbed my home of comfort and cheer;
My children are worse than orphans, too,
My clothes are in rags, I have nothing to do;
I once was respected, but now you see
That even the bartender won’t trust me;
I really think it is time to stop;
With God’s help I’ve drunk my last drop!”

The man grew strong in his purpose true,
He took the first work he could find to do;
He bravely worked from day to day,
Oft pausing a moment to humbly pray
For strength divine; and each prayer of his
Was heard and answered, as true prayer is.
Saturday night came rolling around,
And happy Jim was homeward bound,

With hands in his pockets, where silver chinked,
Not a cent of which should be spent for drink.

But first, Jim had some errands to do;
To the butcher, the baker, the grocer, too,
He went and left orders; gave number and street,
That his children once more should have plenty to eat.
Then he bought shoes, stockings, some print for a dress,
And many more things you hardly would guess;
And last—though you'll surely not think it least—
A big bag of cherries, as a crown to the feast.
Then with arms filled, he turned homeward once more;
And by children and wife was met at the door.

“Look, husband,” she said, “these things have been left,
I think of their senses the men were bereft.
Here are beef, butter, bread, sugar and cake,
I said I knew there must be a mistake.”

“There's no mistake, Mary, they're intended for you,
I ordered them all, and paid for them too.”

Then he told his story, enjoyed their surprise,
And said, as the great tears stood in his eyes,
“Henceforth, dear wife, little Johnny and Sue,
We will *buy* our cherries and eat them, too.”

THE BOTTS TWINS.

P. R. STANSBURY.

[From *Lippincott's Magazine*, by permission of The J. B. Lippincott Co.]

“YOU ain't never been heyeerd 'bout dem Botts twins, is yer?” said Uncle Ike the last time I asked for a story. “Yer ain't? Den I spec's p'r'aps I better tell yer 'bout dat. Tooby sho' dey ain't much story 'bout it, leas'-ways 'tain't nothin' new fer niggers ter lie, but den 'tain't many on 'em kin lie so slick an' cool ez dat Jeff Botts. I

jes' nachelly b'lieve he'd sooner lie ner ~~the~~ he wa'n't no
small shakes at er meal er vittles, eider, ~~the~~ fer.

" Well, Jeff he wuz gitten' right smart ole, ~~the~~ wix' folks not bein' able ter put no 'pen'unce in w'at he tele 'un, an' his likin' fer settin' down an' gabblin' mo'n ter wu'k, he didn' never have mo'n 'nuff fer hisself an' Dilly ~~ter~~ ~~at~~ an' none ter spar'. However, dey did manage ter scratch 'long somehow, ez de chillun wuz all big 'nuff ter hire 'bout 'mong de nabors, an' w'at Jeff an' de ole woman couldn' do, de good Lawd done fer 'em, I s'pose.

" But, laws honey! one day kinder on'spected like, come 'long two little twins, what wuz blacker'n yo' shoe, an' den I tell yer dey wuz trouble in dat Botts 'stablishment, ~~yer~~ hyeerd me? Jeff he wuz powerful bothered 'bout how dey gwine git 'long, kase Aunt Dilly mos' in gen'ly done mo' wu'k'n he did hisself, an' now she'd got ter stay home wid dem babies an' couldn't take in no washin' er nothin'. Las', Jeff he 'skivered er plan fer ter git vittles 'nuff fer hisself an' Aunt Dilly 'thout doin' mo' wu'k en he hatter; so he starts off 'roun' 'mong de nabers ter tell 'bout dem twins.

" Fus' dar wuz my ole Miss' an' Farmer Dusenberry, what jined farms. Well, Jeff he goes ter ole Miss' an' he makes er great 'bout de 'fliction dat de good Lawd done sent him in 's ole age, an' den he ups an' 'scribes dem twins an tells ole Miss' dat he's gwine name de bigges' an' fattes' one Wuthin'ton, arter her fambly. Ole Miss' wuz alwuz intrusted in babies, an' she wuz mons'us tickled 'bout de chris'nin' one on 'em arter her, an' she sent me off right 'way ter de shanty wid er sight er vittles fer Jeff an' Dilly; an' I allus 'pected dat she gin dat no 'count nigger soine money, but dat's neider hyer ner dar.

" Den Jeff he goes off ober ter de Dusenberry place, an' dar he 'gun mo'nin' ober de jedgment fum heaben an' all dat stuff ober 'gen, an' how he don' know what's gwine come er him an' de ole woman sence dem twins is done 'rived, an' las' he lets on how he's gwine call de pooties' arter ole

man Dusenberry hisself. De ole man wa'n't ez much intrusted in de young uns ez my ole Miss', but he wuz right smart please' fer all dat, an' I spec' Jeff made er pooty fa'r haul dar too. Den one er two de yuther nabers hyeerd tell er de twins er comin', an' how dey wa'n't by no means welcome, an' dey sent de ole woman right smart er vittles' an' a truck.

"Well, chile, Jeff he wuz livin' fat fer mebbe er mont', an' he ain't so much ez tu'ned his han' ober, cep'n ter cut de ole woman er little passel er wood er some sich matter. But, bimeby, de nabers 'gun ter fergit 'bout de twins, an' mebbe some on 'em wuz tired er feedin' Jeff, but, howsoever, vittles 'gun ter git sca'ce, an' Jeff 'gun ter 'flec' on de matter, an' he 'cided dat dem twins wuz good fer mo' vittles yit, an' so he starts out an' goes ober ter see ole Miss Jones one er dese hyer Quaker ladies, whar he knowed er red-hot 'Publikin. So Jeff he tells de same ole story 'bout de twins, an' las' he outs wid de pint an' tells de ole lady how he's gwine name dem babies Lincoln an' Grant. Dat tickled de ole lady, en she gin Jeff er dollar an' fix' him up er whole hamper er vittles ter cyar' home ter Dilly. Den de ungodly liar, he goes smack ober ter ole man Rabbit's, whar wuz one er dese hyer rip-snortin', ole-time, secesh Dimmocrats, an' gits er nuther dollar ter name dem twins Jeff Davis and Bob Tooms.

"Ole Doctor Jones he hyeerd f'um dis one dat de twins wuz ter be chris'n' so an' so, an' f'um dat one dat dey wuz ter be nam' sich an' sich. Well, honey, he kinder 'spected w'at Jeff wuz up ter, an' so one day he met up wid Jeff in de road, an' he up an' says, says he, 'Jeff, w'at yer gwine ter name dem las' two 'fictions er yourn ?' says he. Den Jeff he seed f'um de doctor's face dat he done 'skivered all 'bout his 'ceitfulness, an' so he kinder grinned, an' he says, says he, 'Ef I ain't done fergit part er it, doctor, it's 'bout like dis: Wuthin'ton Dusenberry Lincoln an' Grant Jeff Davis an' Bob Tooms Botts.' Den de doctor he laffed, he did, an'

he says, says he, ' Dem names is bin de life er you an' de ole woman, Jeff, but dey'll be de deaf er de twins, sho'.'

" Well, honey, dem twins is right smart slips er boys now, an' dey ain't never bin chris'n' yet. Jeff wuz feared ter ax anybody ter stan' 'sponserbility fer'm, fer fear folks mought fin' out 'bout his lies. I dis'member w'at dem twins wuz name' las' time I hyeerd tell er'm, but 'pears ter me dat one on 'em wuz call Jim Blaine an' de oder Grover Clevelan'."

A GOD AFTER ALL.

WE lay in a cell, Mr. Judge, all night long,
Jimmie and me, waitin' and wishin' for the mornin'
to dawn.

'Cause we couldn't sleep, Mr. Judge, in that cold, damp
place,

And Jimmie was scared to death by the wild, mad race
That the rats kept runnin' all through the dark night.

That's why we were glad, Mr. Judge, to see the daylight.

Please, Mr. Judge, we are not very bad little boys,
And the policeman that took us said we're some mother's
joys.

He was wrong, Mr. Judge, and should only have said
That we are two little outcasts, and our mother is dead,
And there is no one to care for us, at least here below,
And no roof that shelters us from the rain and the snow.

A preacher once told us that way up in the blue
There was a God that was watchin' all that little boys do;
And that He loved little children, and His love it was free;
But I guess, Mr. judge, He don't love Jimmie or me,
For I prayed and I prayed till I was most out of breath,
For something to eat to keep Jimmie from death.

And that's why we're here, Mr. Judge, for you know
There was no help from above, I must find it below.

'Twas no use beggin' and be told in God I must trust,
 For I'd begged all the day and got never a crust;
 And there was poor Jimmie, holdin' his cold little feet,
 And cryin' and moanin' for somethin' to eat.

So I went to a house that was not very far,
 And saw, Mr. Judge, that the door was ajar;
 And a table was settin' right close to the door,
 Just loaded with pies, about twenty or more.
 So I quickly slipped in and grabbed one to my breast,
 Then the policeman caught us, and you know the rest.

Discharged, do you say, Mr. Judge? both Jimmie and I?
 And—and we ain't got to be jailed 'cause I took a pie?
 And we can eat all we want?—how funny 'twill seem—
 Say, Jimmie, pinch me, for I—I think it's a dream;
 And you'll give us work, all summer, winter and fall—
 Say, Jimmie, I think there's a God after all!

OUTGROWN.

JULIA C. R. DORR.

NAY, you wrong her, my friend, her love she has simply
 outgrown;
 One can read the whole matter translating her heart by the
 light of one's own.
 Two summers ago when you wooed her you stood on the self-
 same plane;
 Face to face, heart to heart, never dreaming your souls could
 be parted again.
 She loved you at that time entirely in the bloom of her life's
 early May,
 And it is not her fault, I repeat it, that she does not love
 you to-day.

Nature never stands still, nor souls either ; they either go up
or go down ;
And hers has been steadily soaring, but how has it been with
your own ?

She has struggled and yearned and aspired ; grown purer
and wiser each year ;
The stars are now further above you in yon luminous atmos-
phere.
For she whom you crowned with fresh roses, down yonder
two summers ago,
Has learned that the first of our duties to God and ourselves
is to grow.

Her eyes now are sweeter and calmer, but their vision is
clearer as well ;
Her voice has a tenderer cadence, but is pure as a silver bell.
Have you, too, grown purer and wiser as the months and the
years have rolled on ?
Did you meet her this morning rejoicing in the triumphs of
victory won ?

Nay, hear me—the truth cannot harm you,—when to-day in
her presence you stood,
Was the hand that you gave her as white and clean as that of
her womanhood ?
Go measure yourself by her standard, look back on the years
that have fled,
Then ask, if you need, why she tells you that the love of her
girlhood is dead.

She cannot look down to her lover—her love, like her soul,
aspires ;
He must stand by her side, or above her, who would kindle
its holiest fires.

THE SOCIETY BOY.

THE other evening there was a little company up on Joralemon Street, and during the evening the hostess dragged her hopeful to the front to "speak a piece."

"Come, Johnny, like a good boy, speak 'Mary's Little Lamb' for the ladies and gentlemen."

Johnny knew that there was remuneration in the background, and the preliminaries having been arranged in an undertone, he wet his thumb, slicked his hair and started in:

"Mary had a little fleece
Its snow was white as wool,
And every time that Mary lamed
That fleece would go to school."

"Now, Johnny," said his proud mother, "you know that isn't right. Say it just as you did this afternoon for mamma, and I'll—" here she broke into a maternal whisper, and the inevitable nuisance turned up again:

"Mary had a little lamb
Whose white was snow as fleece,
And everywhere that Mary went,
That lamb would go apiece."

"Johnny! Johnny!" chided the mother, "that isn't quite right. Speak it right this time. The ladies and gentlemen never heard it, now go on."

Once more the common and inextinguishable fraud went at it:

"Mary had a little snow
Its fleece was lined with white,
And everywhere that lamb would go
Mary was sure to bite."

mother,
for this dis-
tinctly right, or mamma won't kiss you when
you go to bed."

Thus encouraged, the blunderer ~~in~~ ^{had} penetrated himself once more:

"Mary had a little wool
Its fleece was lined with snow,
And everywhere that Mary fleeced
That lamb was sure to show."

"I'm ashamed of you, Johnny, that you don't speak it right! You must do it this time, or mamma will have to punish you."

"I won't," bawled the urchin.

But his mother promised him some additional candies, or buns, or clams, or something that had the great social advantage of lying heavy on his stomach, and the little wretch began again:

"Mary had a little school
Its snow was fleece as lamb,
And everywhere that Mary went
You'd surely find that ram."

is very properly interfered and said it was
ment the sweet child. He has done nobly,
and should have his pay right off. So his mother packed
him off to bed while the guests found solace in the reflection
that the nuisance would probably be writhing with night-
mare before morning.

TABBY'S TEA-FIGHT.

ONE evening two pussies, a Tabby and White,
Were sitting together in cosy firelight
And, sipping their warm milk, enjoyed a good chat,
To which four young kittens pleased listeners sat.

Thus spoke Mrs. Whitefur, while waving her hand.
 " Young folks will be young folks, and I never saw
 Any use in being dull; you know people say
 It makes a boy stupid, all work and no play.

" It is so with kittens; our duty is clear—
 We must give a party for their sakes, my dear;
 And show to all Catland their sweet little faces,
 And let the dears practice their innocent graces."

Mr. Tabby looked pleased: " I think you are right, dear sister," he answered. " Our friends I'll invite to what Master Bobby now calls a ' Tea-Fight; ' And we'll take care to fix on a clear moonlight night."

So they wrote out the cards: " Mrs. Whitefur at Home, Twenty-fourth of December." " We hope you will come."

This was added by Puff, a dear little thing,—
 Who hoped her kind message might many friends bring.

And they hired Puss-in-Boots to carry them round;
 A very good purrman that wise cat was found.
 And all the young pussies he met on the way
 Were greatly delighted, and no one said nay.

One poor lonely pussy ('twas " Nobody's Cat,")
 Had no invitation, but looking on sat,
 While all read their cards out; she mewed piteously;
 Puss-in-Boots felt so sorry he asked her to tea.

At last Christmas week came. What pains they all take,
 To make creams and jellies, and mince-pies and cake!
 And when all is ready, I'm bound to confess,
 A very long time they spent over their dress.

Puff ties a blue ribbon around her white neck;
 Black Bell and Brown Bessy with flowers their heads deck;

Tom wears a cocked hat, with a long waving plume,
 And pulls on his boots with a fret and a fume.

Mrs. Whitefur wears silk (her train very long);
To dress like a kitten she thinks would be wrong;
So she puts on a cap, "Dolly Varden" they call,
With two ostrich feathers to make her look tall.

When the guests were all come they sat down to tea;
A happier party you don't often see!
Tabby cared for them all; and "Nobody's Cat"
He pressed to eat muffins, with smiles and a pat.

So they ate and they drank, they mewed and they purred,
And nothing but kindness and sweet sounds were heard.
And (spite of the fashion) it didn't seem right
To call Tabby's party a pussy's Tea-Fight.

And when tea was over and quite cleared away,
At "Puss in the Corner" they all went to play.
While the old cats played whist, and the Duchess of Down
Was telling Miss Tabby the news of the town.

When tired of their playing, they wanted to dance.
A pretty young "Mademoiselle," just come from France,
"A minuet," whispered, "she'd much like to try,"
So Tom and she danced one; the others stood by.

Then followed round dances, the Lancers came next;
By some of the figures poor Tom was perplexed,
But came right at last in the "Gentlemen's round,"
And quite in his place by his partner was found.

When with play and with dancing they all were content,
To Tabby's nice supper they willingly went;
And when fowls and jellies, and sweet things were done,
They laughed and pulled crackers, and all had great fun.

At last the sad moment of parting had come,
They all said it had been a charming "At Home."
With smiles and good wishes they murmured "Good-night!
We hope you will soon give another Tea-Fight."

THE COLISEUM.

LORD BYRON.

“WHILE stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
 When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
 And when Rome falls—the world.” From our own land
 Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall
 In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
 Ancient; and these three mortal things are still
 On their foundations, and unaltered all;
 Rome and her ruin past redemption's skill,
 The world, the same wide den of thieves, or what ye will.

* * * * *

I see before me the gladiator lie;
 He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,
 And his drooped head sinks gradually low
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
 Like the first of a thundershower; and now
 The arena swims around him—he is gone,
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who
 won.

He heard it, but he heeded not. His eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away.
 He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
 There were his young barbarians all at play;
 There was their Dacian mother; he, their sire,
 Butchered to make a Roman holiday—
 All this rushed with his blood—shall he expire
 And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!

But here, where Murder breathed her bloody steam,
 And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways,
 And roared or murmured like a mountain stream,
 Dashing or winding as its torrent strays;
 Here, where the Roman millions' blame or praise
 Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,
 My voice sounds much; and fall the stars' faint rays
 On the arena void, seats crushed, walls bowed,
 And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely loud.

A ruin—yet what ruin! from its mass,
 Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been reared;
 Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
 And marvel where the spoil could have appeared.
 Hath it indeed been plundered, or but cleared?
 Alas! developed, opens the decay,
 When the colossal fabric's form is neared;
 It will not bear the brightness of the day,
 Which streams too much on all years man have reft away.

But when the rising moon begins to climb
 Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;
 When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
 And the low night-breeze waves along the air
 The garland forest, which the gray walls wear,
 Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head;
 When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
 Then in this magic circle raise the dead;
 Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye tread.

* * * * *

Arches on arches! as it were that Rome,
 Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
 Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
 Her Coliseum stands; the moonbeams shine
 As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
 Should be the light which streams here, to illumine
 This long-explored but still exhaustless mine

Of contemplation and the azure gloom
 Of an Italian night, * * * * *
 Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
 And shadows forth its glory.

IN THE HALL.

WITH sweet, flushed face upturned to mine she stood,
 A question shining in her soft brown eyes—
 Those eyes whose glance had never failed to charm,
 And whose great power most willingly I own
 Since in them such a tender love-light lies.
 She stood beside me, gentle, pure and sweet,
 And laid her hand detaining on my arm,
 Half hesitating, as if loath to speak,
 And yet as if compelled to voice her mind.
 Her rounded figure, full of supple grace,
 Her soft dark hair, low on her perfect brow,
 Her fair, flushed cheeks, her dainty morning gown,
 Impressed me with her girlish loveliness.
 Swayed by her charm, into her eyes I gazed,
 As if to read the secret half disclosed,
 Which yet she was reluctant to reveal.
 Silent she stood a moment, then with voice
 As sweet as rippling music from a flute,
 With gentle dignity, she said: “ My dear,
 Five dollars, please; the children need some shoes.”

THE TWO ORPHANS.

BEN KING.

“ YES, sir; we lived home till our mother died,
 ‘N’ I’d go a-walkin’ with Jim, ’cause he cried
 Till nighttime ud come, ‘n’ we’d go up to bed
 An’ bofe say the prayers ’at she taught us to said—
 Didn’t we, Jim ?

“ ‘N’ pa ud stay late, ‘n’ we used to call
’Cause we thought we heard ‘im downstairs in the hall;
An’ when he came home once he fell on the floor,
’N’ we run’d an’ hid behind ma’s bedroom door—
Didnt we, Jim?

“ She told us, our ma did, when she’s sick in bed,
’N’ out of the Bible some verses she read,
To never touch wine an’ some more I can’t think,
But the last words she said was to never to drink—
Didnt she, Jim?

“ But our other ma, what our pa brought home there,
She whipped little Jim ’cause he stood on a chair
’N’ kissed our ma’s picture that hung on the wall,
’N’ struck me for not doin’ nothin’ at all—
Didnt she, Jim?

“ She said ’at we never had no bringin’ up,
’N’ stayed round the house ’n’ et everything up,
’N’ said ’at we couldn’t have no more to eat,
’N’ all ’at we’s fit fer was out in the street—
Didnt she, Jim?

“ We said ’at we hated her—didn’t we, Jim ?
But our pa—well, we didn’t say nothin’ to him,
But just took ma’s picture an’ bofe run’d away,
’N’ that’s what Jim’s cryin’ ‘bout out here to-day—
Didnt we, Jim ?

“ Mister, don’t feel bad, ’cause Jim’s cryin’, too,
Fer we’re goin’ to hunt ’n’ git somethin’ to do;
’Cause our ma ’at died said to work an’ to pray
’N’ we’d all be together in glory some day—
Didnt she, Jim ?

THE CATS.

HEAR the warbling of the cats—
 Merry cats!
 Oh, I love to hear the music of their midnight nightly spats !
 And they waltz around and frisk all,
 In the icy air of night,
 In a way so weird and brisk all,
 While their shapely tails they whisk all, with a Cataline
 delight—
 Keeping time with their tails,
 Like a lot of Runic flails.
 To the concat catenation, sung in sundry sharps and flats,
 Of a canticle on rats,
 Rats, rats, rats,
 Rats—
 To a wild carnivorous canticle on rats !
 Hear the turbulent Tom cats,
 Daddy cats !
 How the catapultic bookjack interrupts their fiendish chats !
 In the darkness of the night,
 How their ghoulish outeries smite
 Portland flats !
 From their catacoustic throats
 An intense
 Cataphonic ditty floats
 To the turtle cat that gloats
 On the fence !—
 Ah, the tabby cat that listens, while she gloats
 To the surging cataclysm of their wild, catarrhal notes !
 Hear the hoarse grandfather cats—
 Aged cats !
 How they make us long to grasp a score of rattling good
 brickbats !
 They have caught a bad catarrh,
 Caterwauling at the moon !

(See it! Caught a bad cat R!
 You may see it from afar,
 Roll it like a British R,
 Out of tune.)

In a clamorous appealing to the aged tabby cat,
 In a futile, mad appealing to the deaf, old tabby cat!
 Shrieking higher, higher, higher,
 Like a demon in a fire—

While the little kitten cats—

Infant cats—

Sing an envious, sweet ditty to their love for mice and rats.
 That's

But a rudimentary spasm of the capers of the cats!

AN INCIDENT OF '64.

I MET my brother at the train,
 And kissed him welcome home again.
 Oh, I was proud his face to scan—
 Home from the dreadful Rapidan!
 Two years had passed—two years that day—
 Since he had led his men away;
 Bright o'er his head the banner streamed,
 Bright on his sword the sunlight gleamed;
 We saw them faintly, through our tears,
 We heard them send back answering cheers,
 And now in flush of joy and pride,
 Once more I had him at my side!

Across the green we strolled along,
 And all the air seemed full of song;
 As happy hundreds flocked about
 Rejoicing in the "muster out."
 Just then a wail fell on the ear—
 A wail it thrilled the soul to hear—
 "Charley! Charley!
 Come home to me! Come home to me!"

“What’s that ? ” cried Tom, and clutched my arm,
As if to hold me back from harm—

“What is that dreadful wailing, Kate ?
Wretched, heart-broken, desolate ! ”

“Why, Tom,” said I, “that’s Margery Hall;
Our people know her hopeless call.
She married Charley just the day
Before his regiment marched away ;
At Christmas he would come again
He said, as fled the flying train.

“She waited patient for the hour,
And prayed that God would give her power
To bear the burden of her joy
When she should greet her gallant boy.
How sluggishly the dull months passed !
But all the days crept by at last,
And Christmas morning came ; she dressed
In all her brightest and her best,
And ran to see the train come in.
Oh, here upon this bulletin
She read : ‘Killed by a rifle-ball,
In charge on Wagner—Sergeant Hall.’

“She fell and lay as she were dead,
And then it was her reason fled
On this one point—on others sane,—
She looks for Charley home again.
She watches near this bulletin
And chants when all the trains come in :
‘Charley ! Charley !
Come home to me ! Come home to me ! ’

“She never smiles, she never weeps,
But still her tireless vigil keeps,
And always says, ‘He’s on the way,
And he will be with me to-day.’
And gazes at the morning sun

Counting her fingers one by one.
Oh, it is pitiful to see
How grandly patient she can be.
She preens herself with ribbons rare
And braids fresh roses in her hair,
Then with serene and tranquil brow,
Sings, Tom, just as you hear her now:
‘Charley! Charley!
Come home to me! Come home to me!’”

“Poor girl!” said Tom, and shook his head,
“Poor girl—for Sergeant Hall is dead.
I saw him on that fearful night;
He was the foremost in the fight.
The Colonel called for men to leap
And storm Fort Wagner up the steep;
One stepped out first, alert and tall,
And grasped the colors—Sergeant Hall.
As he was waiting there, he set
Above the flag a silk rosette,
And then he smiled and said to me,
‘For love of home and Margery !’

“They faced the storm of shot and shell
And sprang into that blazing hell.
‘Forward!’ I seem to see them yet—
The flag is on the parapet,
It waves exultant on the crest,
Falls inward and—God knows the rest!
Poor fellow! where the squadron wheeled
I saw him buried on the field.”
And then she chanted loud and clear:
“Charley! Charley!
Come home to me! Come home to me!”

“I saw a similar name to-day,”
Said Tom. “There is a man, they say,
Whose name is Hall, who went from here—

Has been in prison for a year,
Escaped—”

A shout! A stalwart man,
Haggard and grim, and brown with tan,
Came bursting through the startled crowd
And swung his arms and cried aloud:
“Stand back! I hear her sweet voice call!
Where's Margery? I am Sergeant Hall!”

Oh, joy too great for life! One cry
She uttered, piercing, wild and high,
Then all unconscious dropped to rest,
Pallid and pulseless, on his breast.
To rest? To rest! Her eyelids close;
Her weary soul has found repose.
How calm her face! How peaceful there
The roses sleep within her hair!

* * * * *

Now from the parapet of heaven
She calls unto him morn and even:

“Charley! Charley!
Come home to me! Come home to me!”

THINGS NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

ONLY the leaf of a rosebud, that fell to the ballroom floor,
Fell from the tinted cluster of the big bouquet she wore.
Quickly he stooped and seized it, “'Tis the leaf of a rose,”
said he,
“Tinted with summer's blushes, and dearer than gold to me.
Lovely and fragrant petal, some sweet summer night, who
knows?
I may have a chance to tell her I cherished the leaf of the
rose.”

But when to his lips he pressed it, he muttered in accents
wroth,
"The blamed thing is artificial, and made out of cotton
cloth!"

THE HAPPY FARMER.

LAURA MAY HAUGHWOUT.

WHEN dew is glittering in the early morn,
And genial summer is but newly born,
Aroused from sleep am I by matin shrill,
Chanted by silvery songsters o'er the hill.

Quick I bestir me, for the breaking day
Is far too precious to be dozed away;
Its sweet breath fans away all laziness,
And many worse diseases, too, I guess.

You doubt it? Then you've tasted not, I fear,
The best of tonics—good, fresh morning air,
Mingled with sunbeams from the distant East;
This is a portion fit for royal feast!

Then to the farm-yard and the milking-shed
I hie me ere partaking of my bread
And milk, for a hungry supplication
Greets my ear in Babel replication.

Many hungry mouths are waiting for me,
In various languages do they implore me;
I deal the food to each of its own choice
And thanks it utters in peculiar voice.

The rooster crows, "My thanks, kind sir, to you!"
The pullets echo, "Much obliged, sir, too!"
The mother hen leads 'round her downy brood,
And tells them many times it's, "Good, good, good!"

And they, the nestlings, with their bills so wee,
 Pecking the corn meal, say, "We see, we see!"
 Even the ducks are not ungrateful cranks,
 Though greedy, they find time for, "Thanks, thanks,
 thanks!"

The lamb and lambkins gaze into my face,
 And say, "Kind man, kind man!" with childlike grace;
 Their milk all gone, the calves cry o'er and o'er,
 With thankful accents, "More, please, more, please, more!"

Those creatures, pigs, whom townsmen scorn to name
 (Though for their appetites they're not to blame),
 While munching turnips, corn, and other stuff
 Express appreciation by "not enough!"

Now wife and I partake our simple meal,
 Then to the field I go—she to her wheel;
 I wake the echoes with my "whoa, gee, whoa, sir!"
 She spins serenely while the wheel sings, "Whir-r-r!"

Ah, happy am I in my rural home,
 Where discontent and hatred find no room;
 A fillip give I for your city's flaw,
 - But for the country, here's a loud "Huzza!"

UNCLE NEWTON—A PINCHTOWN PAUPER.

ARMISTEAD CHURCHILL GORDON.

[From the *Atlantic Monthly*, by permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

DOWN the hard frozen road that leads to the city, the Pinchtown Pauper, ragged and forlorn, is trudging painfully, with a half-dozen misshapen splint baskets strapped over his shoulders. He is weak and crippled with rheumatism, and his progress is slow. But there is a glow about his heart whose warmth shames the poverty of his torn jacket.

"It's been a rough spell," he says meditatively, as he

pauses for breath, and looks up at the gray winter sky, "an' der's gwine ter be some mo' fallin' weather afo' to-morrow. Dat ring warn't 'roun' de moon las' night fur nothin'. But me an' Aggy an' Sank, an' Dicey is pulled frou so fur, an' if I jes' sells dese yere baskits, de weather may drap fur wot I keers."

He places his burden on a snowbank near him and addresses it:

"You's wouf a quarter apiece. Leas'ways dat's wot I axes fur ye. You's wouf mo'n dat fur de work an' de trouble I'se had wid ye; but me an' de white folks ain't a-gwine ter agree on dat one pint. You looks mighty small an' ugly ter dem, but ye 'pears pow'ful full o' white oak splints ter me. Ef I gets twenty-five cents apiece fur ye, dat'll come to a dollar an' a half; an' dat'll make de pot bile high, fur a while anyhow."

The baskets are mute and miserable looking on their perch. He picks them up and starts on.

"I ain't nebber yit been so po' but wot I could git sump'n or 'nuther fur Aggy an' Sank an' de ole 'oman ter eat. But somehow it do 'pear ter me like de times wuz a-waxin' wuzzer. Prayin' an' workin' don' look like dey fetchies de blessin', same as dey useter over yander beyant dem mountins."

He turns for a moment and gazes wistfully in the direction of the Blue Ridge range that lies behind him. A wagon comes along driven by an acquaintance.

"Git in, ole man, an' I'll give you a lif' as fur as town," calls the driver.

The Pinchtown Pauper carefully deposits his precious freight in the rear part of the vehicle, and clammers to the seat in front.

"How's yo' makin' it des days?" queries his friend heartily. "Wot's de news down in Pinchtown?"

"Pain in de back an' miz'ry in de head, Jim. Dar ain't nuthin' in Pinchtown, 'cusin' little niggers an' cur dogs an' dey ain't nothin' new 'bout deim. Wot's de news wid you, Jim?"

"Nuthin'. Hard times an' plenty of 'em."

"Dat's a fac', Jim, dat's a fac'. T'ings ain't like dey useter be wid me w'en I libed ober dar in Tuckahoe wid Marster an' de boys."

"I don' know nuthin' 'bout Tuckahoe. I ain't never been dar. I'm gwine ober on one o' dese yer railroad excursions, w'en de summer time gets back again, an' take a look at dat gre't lan' o' Goshen, wha' you-all niggers come from an' don' seem like you wants ter get back ter."

"Yer ig'nance is agin ye, Jim," the old man replies with a touch of asperity. "Dem was high ole times we useter hab ober dar, an' ye can't ketch up wid dem on no railroad excursions any mo' nuther. Dem dar times is done lef' de 'Nited States fur furrin parts, dey is. Many's de day at ole Marster's when I'se know'd twenty-five ter thirty strange white folks at de house at onet, wid de kerridges a-takin' dem away an' fetchin' fresh uns up ter de front steps, day in an' day out. Sich a-dancin', an' a-frolickin', an' a-huntin', an' a-fishin', an' a-ridin' lasses, an' a-chasin' foxes!" He pauses a moment in his reminiscences to look back at his baskets. "I got ter keep my eye on dem baskits. 'Twouldn' do fur 'em ter drop out an' some good-fur-nuthin' nigger come 'long an' pick 'em up an' git my patt'n."

Jim nods his head and grins. He is interested in the life beyond the mountains and wants to hear more of it. "Cut a purty big ole dashi ober dar in dem times, did you, Unc' Newton!"

"Dat's a fac', Jim, dat's a fac'! I'se seed Randall a-fiddlin' 'fo' de white folks all night long, wid ole Marse footin' de reel same as de younges' an' de brashes'. An' out in de kitchen an' down ter de quarters de niggers wuz kickin' dey heels jes' as high, wid de banjer a-pickin', an' de 'possum a-cookin', an' de ash-cake a-bakin' on de harf; dem wuz days w'en ash-pone an' buttermilk had some tas'e ter 'em, an' 'possum fat an' hominy 'ud make any nigger's mouf water. My mouf done lose his relish, Jim; an' I don' nebber see no 'possums no mo'."

Jim laughs and the wagon rattles over the frozen ground. Houses are coming in sight. They reach the city. Jim draws

rein at a corner and the old man with difficulty descends. Jim hands him his baskets and drives off at a brisk pace. The old basket-maker wanders about among the shops offering his wares for sale; but the fates are unpropitious. Here a surly, "Don't want any baskets," and there a gibe at the uncouth workmanship of his stock. There are no buyers and he grows downhearted.

"It's t'rongtime wid 'em," he says to himself, in apology for the many refusals he has met; "dey ain't got no ledger minutes fur ter stop fur an ole nigger, wid nothin' but splint baskits."

So he leaves the business streets, and strikes for Avenue F.

"De luck's agin me," he says despondingly, as the fifth gate closes behind him with a click. "Looks like I mought as well fling away dis yer rabbit foot wot I been totin' in my pocket fur two mont's,—it don' 'pear ter make de luck no better; an' me an' Sank'll have ter ketch another un wot ain't no grabeyard rabbit. I'm gwine ter try one place mo', an' den ef dat don' come ter nuthin', it'll be a hongry day wid Aggy an' Sank an' Dicey an' me to-morrow."

The warmth has died out from his heart, and the cold is creeping in through the rents in his garments, pinching his withered flesh and frosting his rheumatic bones. He opens the next gate, it turns on its hinges with a creak which he echoes with a groan. In response to his feeble knock the door opens. "Come in, Uncle," says the girl; then to her mistress: "Mis' Mary, de man 'pears like he mos' froze."

"I kim ter see if I couldn' part wid one o' dese yer baskits ter ye, young mistis. You'll fin' 'em uncommon handy fur chips an' t'ings 'bout de place. Dey ain't much fur pretty, dat's a fac', but dey's pintly good an' strong."

He bows low to the young housewife who is standing by the kitchen table. There are bundles of citron and plums and spices, and measures of flour and sugar, and numbers of eggs, but he sees nothing but a possible customer.

"Dey don' cos' but a quarter, an' dey's wuf dat ef day's wuf anyt'ing. Ef ye take two, ye can hab 'em fer forty cents."

"Mis' Mary," interposes the cook, "we don' wan' no mo' baskits. Dis yer house is chuck full o' baskits now."

"I'll buy one of your baskets, Uncle," said the lady. "Sit down by the fire and get warm."

He makes her a courtly bow; and casting a glance of contempt at the cook, he draws near the fire. He sits for some moments in silence watching the young housewife as she seeds the raisins with nimble fingers. As the warmth permeates his body and the fragrant aroma of fruits and spices fills his nostrils, memories take possession of him which he cannot forbear expressing.

"Dem dar reminds me o' ole times, 'fo' de war ober in Tuckahoe, young mistis."

"And so you come from Tuckahoe?"

"Yes, marm," he answers proudly, "I'm a East Ferginyer quality nigger, from de county o' Albemarle. Many's de dey I'se holp Mis' Agnes seed de raisins fur de Christmas puddin', which de sight ou 'em now fetches dem times back ter me."

"How did you get so far away from home?" she asks eagerly. The white hands are no longer busy with the raisins, but she gazes at him with a half smile on her face.

He gazes at his ragged hat as he says, "De war tuk an' bruk us all up, young mistis. 'Twas a fine ole place, onet in times, wid plenty o' niggers, plenty o' horses an' stock an' pigs, plenty o' vittles an' clo'es, plenty o' eb'ryt'ng. But de niggers wuz sot free; de sassafrax an' de broom-swage run away wid de fiel's; de stables an' de fences jes' nachelly drapped ter pieces; Mars' Jeems he done got kilt in de war; ole Marster sort o' los' his grip onto t'ings. Den he tuk an' 'ceasded, and Mars' Jeems' little gal an' me an' my ole 'oman wuz all dat wuz lef' on de plantation, 'scusin' de ole hyars an' de pattridges. Den dey kim an' sole out de ole place an' kerried little mistis away, an' me an' Dicey jes' slipped ober dis side o' de mount'in wha' my son Bill wuz a-workin.' But Bill he done gone now, too, two years come next spring."

She has drawn nearer to him as he speaks, and now she lays her hand upon his shoulder. "Uncle Newton!"

He starts and looks at her wondering. It has been many

years since such a hand has touched him. It reminds him of Tuckahoe even more than the raisins.

“Have I grown out of your memory, Uncle Newton, as you have out of mine? It is sixteen years since I used to sit on your knee and hear you tell about the fox and the rabbit. Don’t you recollect the big wheels and little wheels,—‘Run little Fraid, run, ‘fo’ big Fraid ketch you! ’ ” She smiles down on him with tears in her eyes.

“De law sakes! - Ef it ain’t little mistis! An’ dat purty, too! As purty as Mis’ Agnes, an’ de spitten image o’ her.” To hide the mists that gather in his eyes he drops his head, but soon lifts it and says, “Well, well, well! Mars’ Jeems’ little Miss Mary! I jes’ sort o’ s’picioned ye wns kin ter some o’ my white folks, mistis, when I fust looked at ye, an’ heard ye say, ‘barskets.’ ”

It is late in the afternoon as he wends his way toward Pinchtown with heavier pockets and lighter heart than he has known for many a day, and he says to himself:

“Don’ look like none o’ dese yer valley folks, dat young ‘oman don’t, now. I jes’ s’picioned she come from ober de mount’ins, soon es I put my eyes on her. Step wid her haid up; ain’t no white folks ober yer kin tech dat breed o’ Tuckahoes! Skin finer ’n satin an’ whiter ’n de snow. Eyes shinin’ like de stars in de elements. Dese yer niggers t’inks ole Newt is ig’nant an’ don’ know nuthin’; but, howsomdever o’ dat, *my* white folks is high up white folks, I done tole you dey is! ”

UP AT A VILLA—DOWN IN THE CITY.

As Distinguished by an Italian Person of Quality.

ROBERT BROWNING.

HAD I but plenty of money, money enough and to spare,
The house for me, no doubt, were a house in the city
square;
Ah, such a life, such a life, as one leads at the window there!

Something to see, by Bacchus, something to hear, at least!
There, the whole day long, one's life is a perfect feast;
While up at a villa one lives, I maintain it, no more than a
beast.

Well, now, look at our villa! stuck like the horn of a bull
Just on a mountain-edge as bare as the creature's skull,
Save a mere shag of a bush with hardly a leaf to pull!
I scratch my own, sometimes, to see if the hair's turned wool.

But the city, oh, the city—the square with the houses!
Why?

They are stone-faced, white as a curd, there's something to
take the eye!

Houses in four straight lines, not a single front awry;
You watch who crosses and gossips, who saunters, who hur-
ries by;
Green blinds, as a matter of course, to draw when the sun
gets high;
And the shops with fanciful signs which are painted properly.

All the year long at the villa, nothing to see, though you
linger,
Except yon cypress that points like death's lean lifted fore-
finger.

Some think fireflies pretty, when they mix i' the corn and
mingle,
Or thrid the stinking hemp till the stalks of it seem a-tingle.
Late August or early September, the stunning cicala is shrill,
And the bees keep their tiresome whine round the resinous
firs on the hill.

Enough of the seasons—I spare you the months of the fever
and chill.

Ere you open your eyes in the city, the blessed chnrch bells
begin.

No sooner the bells leave off than the diligence rattles in.
You get the pick of the news, and it costs you never a pin.

By and by there's the traveling doctor gives pills, lets blood,
draws teeth;

Or the Pulcinello-trumpet breaks up the market beneath.

At the post-office such a scene-picture—the new play, piping
hot!

And a notice how only this morning three liberal thieves were
shot.

Noon strikes,—here sweeps the procession! our Lady borne
smiling and smart.

With a pink gauze gown all spangles, and seven swords stuck
in her heart!

Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, tootle-te-tootle the fife;
No keeping one's haunches still. It's the greatest pleasure in
life.

But bless you, it's dear—it's dear! fowls, wine, at double the
rate.

They have clapped a new tax upon salt; and what oil pays
passing the gate

It's a horror to think of. And so the villa for me, not the
city!

Beggars can scarcely be choosers; but still—ah, the pity, the
pity!

Look, two and two, go the priests, then the monks with cowls
and sandals,

And the penitents dressed in white shirts, a-holding the yellow
candles;

One, he carries a flag up straight, and another a cross with
handles,

And the Duke's guard brings up the rear, for the better pre-
vention of scandals.

Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, tootle-te-tootle the fife!

Oh, a day in the city-square, there is no such pleasure in
life!

DOT VINDER DIME.

DOT vinder dime, dot's came again; der ground vas hard
 mit freeze,
 Der cold vind blows but don't kin fint some leafses on der
 trees.
 Dem katydidn'ts vas fast asleep, deir vings on dop deir
 head—
 Dem moskeeters und dings like dot no songs dem now kin
 said.

Inside der windows all vas bright, und dime dot passes 'vay,
 Mit songs und dancing all vas shoy, und pleasures light und
 gay.

Dey got inshoyment all de dime, und lif' a life of ease,
 Und drink und eat deir champagne vine, und cake und Switzer
 cheese.

Oudside old Vinder mit his shrowd, und head all vite mit
 shnow,
 Vas sliding 'round a-making ice, und skipping to und fro.
 He likes dot skipping to und fro, dot shows vat he can do;
 Und ven he gets blayed out mit dot, he skips den fro und to.

But don't forgot, mine Christian frients, dot right oudside de
 door,
 Some odders dey are living, too, some beobles awful poor;
 Mit plenty rags upon deir backs, mitout a bide to eat,
 Und not a cent to get some vood varemit to varm deir feet.

Good Christian frients, you dot is got of dis vorld's goods a
 shtore,
 Please put a leetle someding py, 'pout fifty cents or more,
 To help dot suffering beobles oud, dot beobles dat vas poor;
 Und you vill found dot you got plessed forefer, efermore.

ENDURANCE.

FLORENCE PERCY.

HOW much the heart may bear and yet not break!
 How much the flesh may suffer and not die!
 I question much if any pain or ache
 Of soul or body brings our end more nigh.
 Death chooses his own time; till that is sworn
 All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
 Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel
 Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life,
 Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal
 That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
 This also can be borne

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
 And try to flee from the approaching ill;
 We seek some small escape; we weep and pray:
 But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still.
 Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
 But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life;
 We hold it closer, dearer than our own;
 Anon it faints and falls in deathly strife,
 Leaving us stunned and stricken and alone.
 But ah! we do not die with those we mourn—
 This also can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things—famine, thirst,
 Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,
 All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
 On soul and body—but we cannot die.
 Though we be sick and tired and faint and worn—
 Lo, all things can be borne.

BETSY HAWKINS GOES TO THE CITY.

YES, I been to the city onct, an' if I'm forgiven for that I'll never go ag'in. Last summer, my niece, Lizy Ann Martin, come to our 'us to stay a spell, an' recooperate her digestive cistern. She'd been a-teachin' the pianny-forty an' it had kinder struck in to her liver, and the Doctor had ordered her into the country for rest.

After she had got settled, an' helped me with the house-work so she'd got the hang of it, I got an idee into my head, an' says I to Eben—which is the partner o' my joys an' sorriers, an' which is as good a man as ever lived, except that he chaws tobacker and ain't at all careful about his expectoratin'—“Eben,” says I, “I hain't never took no vacation since you an' me were married; an' now that Lizy Ann is here an' can git along, I'm a-goin' to have a vacation.”

“What do you want of a vacation?” says Eben. “You ain't a-keepin' no school.”

“Everybody takes a vacation nowadays,” says I. “It's the style,” says I, “an' I'm a-goin' to the city to see Almiry Bunker, she that was a Scriggins,” says I.

“Fiddlesticks,” says he. “You'd better stay to hum an' mend them gray trousers o' mine,” he says.

“Eben,” says I, “I've got a soul that sometimes rises above the mendin' of a pair o' gray pantaloons,” says I, “an' I'm a-goin' to the city.”

He didn't say any more, but went out to hoin' cabbiges.

I went right about my preparations to once. I got me a new black alpacky gownd, an' a carpet-bag to put my things into; an' I had, besides, an umbrill, an' a perrysol, an' a waterproof, an' a pair of rubbers tied up in a red silk hand-kercher, an' six cowcumbers along with 'em. Then I took a two-quart pail full o' huckleberries to Almiry's children, an' a few airly apples packed into my pocket, an' some gooseberry wine o' my own makin', an' a box o' Jenkins's pills to take if my liver should git into a tantrum, ez it is li'ble to do. Then I had four balls o' butter in a paper

box with a wet towel 'round it, an' a bowkay that Lizy Ann sent to Almiry's oldest darter.

The cars were pretty full, but I managed to git a seat alone. I wanted to set by myself, for fear some o' these ere Boston drummers, that goes about spoonin' on the wimmen-folks an' sellin' goods on samples, would git into the seat with me. We'd read about 'em in the papers, Eben an' me, an' Eben's last words at partin' to me was these: "Betsy," says he, "look out for your pocketbook an' keep clear o' them drummers!"

More'n a dozen men asked me if that seat was engaged, an' I told 'em it was. An' so it was; for I had my umbrill an' my carpet-bag an' my waterproof an' my rubbers an' that pail o' huckleberries an' box of butter all there!

I bought a newspaper, an' I got so took up a-lookin' at the pictur' of a man that was a-tryin' to stuff another man head first into a small-sized trunk, that I didn't notice nothin'! I wanted to see if he made out or not, an' I didn't mind that a man had come an' sot down in that seat beside me. He had put most o' my things onto the floor, but he had sot right down onto that box o' butter, an' the huckleberries had upsot, an' he'd sot into them, an' bein' a hefty man he'd scrunched right through. An', my goodness! the melted butter was a-runnin' down his trousers'-legs, an' the huckleberry juice was a-bilin' out at every pore.

"Bust a blood-vessel, hain't ye?" says a nigh-sighted man, comin' along jest then; for his pantaloons was white an' everything showed plain on 'em.

"Julius Cæsar!" yelled the man, gettin' onto his feet like lightnin', an' scatterin' the huckleberries an' the tin pail an' the bowkay around promiscus. An' then he fell to abusin' me, jest as if I was to blame!

When I got to the city, I was kinder at a loss. I didn't know jest where Ben Bunker lived, an' I asked everybody I met. Nobody knowed. I told 'em he was a large man with a nose that stuck out like a cowketcher on a railroad engine. But nobody knowd him. At last, a young feller in a store

looked into a book an' said that Mr. Bunker lived at 9,550 Turner Street, an' he put on his hat, an' took his cane an' his eyeglass, an' showed me onto the street. He was a nice young man, an' I gave him two cowcumbers an' invited him to spend next Thanksgivin' with us.

No. 9,550 was a nice-lookin' place with a lamp in front of it, so that Bunker could find the keyhole on dark nights. I sot down my luggage an' rung the bell. No answer. I rung ag'in an' ag'in, but still no answer. Then I went out around to the back door, but there didn't seem to be nobody to hum.

I know'd Almiry would be dreadful disappointed if she didn't see me, for she's allays tellin' me how delighted she should be to have me visit her, when she comes to our house to stay through the strawberry season. So I camped onto the front doorstep. I spread my umbrill; put my waterproof over my feet to keep off the west wind, an' began to eat one o' them cowcumbers to kinder stay my stummick.

A man in blue clothes come along directly, an' he says, "See here, old lady, you'd better move on."

"Move on yourself an' see how you like it," says I, takin' another bite of cowcumber. "I ain't a-goin' to be bossed around by no Boston drummer," says I.

He laughed. "I am a perliceman," says he, "an' I shall have to give you in charge if you don't go."

"You can charge what you like," says I, "but I'd like to see myself payin' it. This house is Ben Bunker's," says I, an' his wife was Almiry Scriggins, one o' my partickler friends, an' if I want to set onto their doorstep an' eat a cowcumber peaceable, who's to hender?"

We had made considerable noise in our talk, an' in a minute the front door flew open, an' Almiry Bunker come out an' grabbed me by the hand an' drawed me inside an' shot the door right in that perliceman's face!

"For the land's sake, Almiry," says I, "be you to hum, an' have you lost your hearin' that you didn't hear that bell ring, which I rung nineteen times sartin!" says I.

She looked red an' said she was takin' a *sighesity*.

Jest then Ben come hum to dinner. He 'peared glad to see me an' asked how all our folks was. But, somehow, Almiry didn't seem exactly so cordyal as she did when she come to our house to spend her summers. I know, jest as well ez I want to, that she heard me ring that bell, an' she sot out to play not to hum; but when I camped onto her doorstep, right in broad daylight, she couldn't stand it.

I went to bed airly that night. Almiry said she knowed I must be dreadful tuckered out; an' she lighted me up three flights o' stairs into a room where you could look down all your neighbors' chimblies. I hadn't laid mor'n an hour, when I heard the meetin'-house bell ring an' somebody yelled, "Fire!" I out of bed in a jiffy, an' slipped into my petticoats an' yaller flannel sacque, an' I filled that huckleberry tin-pail with water out o' my wash-pitcher, an' rushed downstairs; an' my soul and body! The Bunkers was havin' a party an' I not invited!

A man with his hair ez long ez Lizy Ann's was poundin' the pianny like mad, an' bobbin' his head every time he pounded it, till his nose nigh about touched the keys; an' Almiry's two girls was dancin', an' Almiry herself was a-dancin' round with a feller with a red mustache an' eyeglass, jest like a sixteen-year-old girl, an' she's fifty-five if she's a day an' fat as ever you see!

"Come out," says I, "an' help put out the fire. Git yer water-pails an' mebby we kin save some o' the furniture!" says I an' I waved my hands to 'em to git up their enthusiasm.

But they didn't enthuse worth a cent. Contrariwise they looked astounded. An' Ben Bunker, he come out, a-smellin' o' peppermint essence an' somethin' stronger, an' says he, "Look here, Mrs. Hawkins, you'd better go to bed or else put on your hair. You'll git cold in your brains. An' let the fire alone; it's four or five miles off an' the department will see to it."

You may guess I come back hum the next day by the first train. An' when Almiry Bunker comes to spend the strawberry season with me ag'in, if she ever does after the way I give her a piece o' my mind, you may depend on it, *I* shan't be to hum!

THE FAREWELL.

DIALOGUE.

Characters: Naomi, Ruth, Orpah.

Dress: White, perfectly plain, rather long. White silk shawls may be used; one of the straight edges brought up under the left arm, one end across the chest, the other across the back, both ends tied in a loose knot on the right shoulder. White scarfs trimmed with fringe on their heads. Arms, bare. Hair, hanging.

[Enter all.]

NAOMI [with uplifted hand, pointing to the hills]. See'st thou, my daughters, yon blue outline 'gainst the sky. 'Tis Judea's hills. Not many days, I judge, between them and our weary feet. But oh, my daughters, my heart is faint with the crowding meinories that waken in their sight again. Beyond yon hills and that mysterious sea lies mine own home—my Bethlehem. The changes that have passed upon my heart, the griefs that have gathered to my soul, since that dear spot I left! Oh, had I these changes of my inward nature passed upon my outward, who, *who*, would know Naomi? Naomi was my name, when, where the olive threw its shade, Elimelech, my young heart's choice and joy, beguiled the sultry hour of noon; and Mahlon and Chilion, bright as young eaglets at the morn, brought to our feet the glowing grape and wild antelope fleet, yet not more fleet than they. But call me Mira now, for bitterly, very bitterly hath the Almighty dealt with me. Wealth hath flown. Elimelech, Mahlon and Chilion lie with the dust. All, all I prized is gone! And scathed and desolate as some lone, stricken tree, I turn unto my father's home to find all I need—a grave. Blest hills and streams and plains, my kindred and my home, I come to thee! In joy I left thee. My cup of life was oh, how full, and oh, how sweet and glad—a dewdrop more had been too much. And wilt thou take thy daughter back again? 'Tis all her worn heart asks—a rest among her fathers' graves, a long and dreamless rest. [To

the daughters]. And ye, my daughters, on thy brows is the sweet light of youth, joy trembles in thine eyes, love banquets at thy lips, and like the wild gazelle's thy bounding step. Wherefore shouldst thou wander forth with me? Nay, seek again thy mothers' house, thy fathers and thy gods. Spend thy bright young days amid thy kindred and their joys. I go alone, 'tis meet, back to my fathers and their graves. Heaven bless thee, dear ones, and full requite thee for thy kindness unto me and to the dead. Oh, could I give thee like to the lost, I would not bid thee leave me then. But God, God hath lain His hand upon me, and, empty and desolate, I have no more for thee. Go back, my daughters, go! My blessing, all Naomi hath to give, it shall go with thee.

ORPAH. Oh, mother, Mahlon's and mine, we will return with thee unto thy people and thy home. It is not fitting that thou shouldst leave us thus and wander lonely, bereft and desolate by the long, long way, by Kedemoth's wilds and the dark Dead Sea's shore, to Benjamin's broad lands, thine early pleasant home. Ah, no; we cannot give thee up. It were to us a new and nameless ill. Nay, rather go back with us, my mother, and we will weep with thee and cherish thee all thy lone days; and when thou diest, on Amon's grassy banks, where sleep our loved ones, we will lay thee, mother, and ourselves shall sleep close by. 'Twill be so sweet, dear mother, Elimelech, Naomi, Chilion, Ruth, Mahlon, and Orpah, together, all together, where the amaryllis blooms, rest, rest, at last.

NAOMI. Nay, turn, turn again, my daughter, why will ye go with me? With me there is no life, no joy. Should I throw the blight of desolation over thy bright days of youth? It grieveth me for thee, my daughters, much it grieveth me that His hand, the hand of my fathers' God, has gone out against me, and to hope is darker than to despair.

ORPAH. Oli, mother, wilt thou not return? Must I leave thee? Oh, I have loved thee tenderly and well, and if I e'er have failed to pay a daughter's debt, 'twas through my inadvertence, for my heart was in all duty thine. How can I

do without thy counsel and thy sympathy? And since bright Mahilon was stricken from my side, how hast thou comforted, with words and thoughts of Him my husband worshipped, and bade me lean henceforth, through life's long, weary way, on Him whom change and death can never reach. How can I turn away from thee, and yet my country and my kin—

[*Orpah bids her farewell, hides her face in her mantle, and turns away. Then Naomi lays her head on Ruth's shoulder and pointing to the receding form of Orpah, says:—*]

NAOMI. Behold, thy sister is gone back unto her people and unto her gods; return thou after thy sister.

RUTH. Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God. Where thou diest I will die and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me. [*Exeunt, leaning on each other's arms.*]

A LITTLE ADVICE.

ANNIE L. LONERGAN.

“**H**ERE, Phœbe, sweet Phœbe, sweet, sweet,”
 The yellow birds call in the tree,
 While saucy his mate stamps her feet
 And shakes her head laughing at me.
 She thinks she has earned her a rest—
 A swing on the cherry tree's bough,
 While he ought to go watch the nest
 And not to come both'ring his frau.

So “Phœbe, sweet Phœbe,” he said,
 While she mocking answered “Sweet Pete,
 I home all the day long have staid,
 So stay there yourself awhile, sweet.”

That's right, little gold and brown bird,
 Divide the work even at home,
 But answer him never a word
 When he keeps insisting you come.
 For husbands who find time to roam
 Mustn't fret if their wives do, too;
 They ought to stay oft'ner at home,
 Then they'd have less cause for ado.

But "Phœbe, sweet Phœbe, sweet, sweet,"
 With a nod in the window at me,
 Flew back to her home and "Sweet Pete"
 And sent him to sing in the tree.

O husbands who find it so dull
 To stay in the home-nest one day,
 Just think what it must be to lull
 Cross baby-birds when you're away;
 And keep at it year after year,
 And never go off for a rest.
 Think of it, and then act, my dear,
 By taking your turn at the nest.

PRIOR TO MISS BELLE'S APPEARANCE.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

[From *Rhymes of Childhood*, by permission of The Bowen-Merrill Co.]

WHAT makes you come *here* fer, mister,
 So much to our house? Say?
 Come to see our big sister!
 An' Charley he says 'at you kissed her
 An' he ketched you, thuther day!
 Didn' you, Charley? But we p'omised Belle
 An' crossed our heart to never to tell—
 'Cause she gived us some o' them-er
 Chawk'lut-drops 'at you bringed to her!

Charley he's my little b'uther—
 An' we has a-mostest fun,
 Don't we, Charley? Our Muther,
 Whenever we whips one anuther,
 Tries to whip us—an' we run—
 Don't we, Charley? An' 'nen, bime-by,
 'Nen she gives us cake an' pie—
 Don't she, Charley?—when we come in
 An' p'omise never to do it agin!

He's named Charley—I'm *Willie*
 An' I'm got the purtiest name!
 But Uncle Bob he calls me "Billy,"
 Don't he, Charley? 'Nour filly
 We named "Billy," the same
 Ist like me! An' our Ma said
 'At "Bob puts foolishnus into our head!"'
 Didn' she, Charley? An' she don't know
 Much about boys, 'cause Bob said so!

Baby's the funniest feller!
 'Naint no hair on his head—
 Is they, Charley? It's meller
 Wite up there! An' ef Belle er
 Us ask wuz *we* that way, Ma said,—
 "Yes; an' yer Pa's head wuz soft as that,
 An' it's that way yet!" An' Pa grabs his hat
 An' says, "Yes, childern, she's right about Pa—
 'Cause that's the reason he married yer Ma!"

An' our Ma says 'at "Belle couldn't
 Ketch nothin' at all but ist bows!"
 An' Pa says 'at "you're soft as puddun!"
 An' Uncle Bob says "you're a good-un,
 'Cause he can tell by yer nose?"—
 Didn' he, Charley! An' when Belle'll play
 In the poller on th' pianer, some day,
 Bob makes up funny songs about you,
 Till she gits mad—like he wants her to!

Our sister Fanny she's 'leven
 Years old! 'At's mucher 'an I—
 Aint it, Charley? I'm seven!
 But our sister Fanny's in heaven!
 'Nere's where you go ef you die!—
 Don't you, Charley? 'Nen you has *wings*—
 Ist like Fanny!—an' purtiest things!—
 Don't you, Charley? An' 'nen you can fly—
 Ist fly—an' *ever'thing*! Wisht I'd die!

COURT SCENE FROM "THE WINTER'S TALE."

SHAKESPEARE.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

[Hermione, Queen to Leontes, King of Sicilia, has been brought into the court to answer before her jealous husband to the charge of high treason. The indictment being read, she replies:]

HERMIONE.

H Since what I am to say must be but that
 Which contradicts my accusation, and
 The testimony on my part no other
 But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
 To say "*Not guilty.*" Mine integrity
 Being counted falsehood shall, as I express it,
 Be so received. But thus: If Powers divine
 Behold our human actions, as they do,
 I doubt not, then, but innocence shall make
 False accusation blush and tyranny
 Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know—
 Who least will seem to do so—my past life
 Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
 As I am now unhappy; which is more
 Than history can pattern, though devised
 And played to take spectators. For, behold me—
 A fellow of the royal bed, which owe

A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing
To prate and talk for life and honor 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare; for honor,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine;
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strained t' appear thus; if one jot beyond
The bound of honor, or in act or will
That way inclining, hardened be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry "Fie" upon my grave!

LEONTES.

I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first.

HERM.

That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

LEON.

You will not own it.

HERM.

More than mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes—
With whom I am accused—I do confess
I loved him, as in honor he required;
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me; with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded;
Which not to have done, I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude

To you and toward your friend; whose love had spoke,
 Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
 That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
 I know not how it tastes, though it be dished
 For me to try how. All I know of it
 Is that Camillo was an honest man;
 And why he left your court the gods themselves,
 Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

LEON.

You knew of his departure, as you know what
 You've underta'en to do in 's absence.

HERM. Sir,

You speak a language that I understand not.
 • My life stands in the level of your dreams
 Which I'll lay down.

LEON.

Your actions are my dreams—so thou
 Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage
 Look for no less than death.

HERM.

Sir, spare your threats.
 The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
 To me can life be no commodity;
 The crown and comfort of my life, your favor,
 I do give lost, for I do feel it gone,
 But know not how it went. My second joy
 And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
 I'm barred like one infectious. My third comfort,
 Starred most unluckily, is from my breast,
 The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
 Haled out to murder. Now, my liege,
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive
 That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
 But yet hear this; mistake me not. My life,
 I prize it not a straw; but, for mine honor,
 Which I would free, if I shall be condemned
 Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else

But what your jealousies awake, I tell you,
'Tis rigor and not law. Your Honors all,
I do refer me to the oracle: Apollo be my judge!

A COUNTRY SUMMER PASTORAL.

S. W. FOSS.

[By permission of the author.]

[As written by a learned scholar of the city from knowledge derived from etymological deductions, rather than from actual experience.]

I WOULD flee from the city's rule and law,
From its fashion and form cut loose,
And go where the strawberry grows on its straw,
And the gooseberry grows on its goose;
Where the catnip-tree is climbed by its cat,
As she crouches for her prey—
The guileless and unsuspecting rat
On the rattan bush at play.

I will watch at ease the saffron cow
And her cowlets in their glee,
As they leap in joy from bough to bough
On the top of the cowslip tree;
Where the musical partridge drums on his drum,
And the woodchuck chucks his wood,
And the dog devours the dogwood plum,
In the primitive solitude.

Oh, let me drink from the moss-grown pump
That was hewn from the pumpkin tree,
Eat mush and milk from a rural stump
From form and fashion free:
New gathered mush from the mushroom-vine,
And milk from the milkweed sweet,
With luscious pineapple from the pine—
Such food the gods might eat!

And then to the whitewashed dairy I'll turn,
 Where the dairymaid hastening hies,
 Her ruddy and gold-red butter to churn
 From the milk of her butterflies.
 And I'll rise at morn with the early bird,
 To the fragrant farmyard pass,
 When the farmer turns his beautiful herd
 Of grasshoppers out to grass.

TO BARBARY LAND.

AGNES E. MITCHELL.

AND five of us those summer days
 Rode gaily prancing side by side ;
 Earl with his merry, boyish ways,
 And Lady May, always his bride ;
 Don, dark and grave, with gypsy eyes,
 Queen Mad and I—our majesties,
 All bound for Barbary land.
 The chargers which we road away—
 Gold bit and buckle and silken rein—
 Were sore logs, huge and old and gray,
 That lay and whitened in the lane ;
 We always rode toward Barbary land,
 The way was long through the yellow sand,
 But glory rested on the hill,
 And heaven was just beyond the mill ;
 The wild birds sang “ Tra-lu ! tra-leet ! ”
 The sky was blue and the blossoms sweet
 All the way to Barbary land.
 And when night came on and the tired wheel
 Ran down and stopped the noisy mill,
 When the cow-bells jangled slowly by
 And gold and crimson lit the sky,
 We left our steeds so fleet and gay,
 But in our dreams still rode away
 Toward far-off Barbary land.

And years have bloomed and crept along

Over those who rode together there;
The Earl and May, 'mid bells and song

White blossoms in her chestnut hair,
One fair and full midsummer day,
Rode side by side away, away,
Toward the real Barbary land.

At last they rode beyond the main—

Their cherished dream through years and years—
At last they reached and drew the rein

In far-off, beautiful Algiers.
But she who was our lovely queen—

The peerless little Madalene—

Long since she laid her sceptre down,
And Jesus gave a starrier crown;
Long since, arrayed in snowy shroud,
Floating about her like a cloud,

• She rode—but not to Barbary land.
June roses, white and rare and sweet,

Aronnd her head, across her feet,
June roses in her cold, white hand,
She rode across the golden strand;

She rode away through the purple mist,
Beyond the hills of amethyst;

That lie in Benlah land.

And Don and I walked hand in hand

Through clover blossoms white and red;
We ride no more to Barbary land,

But walk through Bye-lo land instead;
Sometimes on summer afternoons,
When the brook falls into old-time tunes

As it tinkles on the sand;
When white clouds lie like swans at rest,

And the beryls cluster on the vine,
Turn blushing faces toward the West,
Flushed with the summer's spicy wine,

Then the upland stretches green and grand,
 Till it joins the hills in Beulah land.
 But trooping through the open door,
 Where the red sun lies along the floor,
 Four little dark-eyed gypsies come
 To camp all night with us at home,
 On their way to Barbary land.

We smile, gazing dreamingly down the lane,
 At the dear old times come back again;
 Oh, in faithful bosoms heaven lies,
 And prayerful eyes see paradise;
 So we gather roses from the wall,
 And on the clover the apples fall,
 And—this is Bye-lo land.

NORVEM PEOPLE.

IRWIN RUSSELL.

DEM folks in de Norf is de beatin'est lot!
 Wid all de brass buttons au' fixin's dey got.
 You needn't tole me!—dey all dresses in blue;
 I seed 'em de time 'at Grant's army come froo.

Dey libes up de country whar ellyphunts grows,
 Somewhar 'bout de head ob de ribber, I s'pose;
 Whar snow keeps a-drappin', spring, winter, an' fall,
 An' summer-time don't nebber git dar at all.

Up dar in dey town dar's a mighty great hole
 Dey dug fur to git at de silber an' gol':
 I reckon heah lately it mus' ha' cabed in—
 I wish I c'u'd see a good two-bits ag'in!

Dey puts up supplies for us Christians to eat,—
 De whiskey, de flouah, de meal, an' de meat;
 Dey's dreffle big-feelin', an' makes a great fuss,
 But dey can't git along widout wukin' fur us.

I wouldn't be dem, not fur all you c'u'd gib :
 Dey nebber tast' 'possum as long as dey lib !
 Dey wouldn't know gumbo ef put in dey mouf—
 Why don't dey all sell out an' come to de Souf ?

But lawsy ! dey's ign'ant as ign'ant kin be,
 An' ain't got de presence ob min' fur to see
 Dat ole Marsissippi's jes' ober de fence
 Dat runs aroun' hebb'en's sarcumferymence !

Now, us dat is fabored wid wisdom an' grace,
 An' had de fus' pick fur a 'sirable place,
 We ought fur to 'member de duty we owes,
 To sheer wid our brudders as fur as it goes.

So sometime in chu'ch I's a-gwine to serjes
 Dat someun be sent what kin talk to 'em bes'—
 (An' mebbe dat's *me*) fur to open der eyes,
 Recomstruc' de pore critters, an' help 'em to rise.

We'll fotch 'em down heah, de las' one ob de batch,
 An' treat 'em like gemmen, an' rent 'em a patch—
 Why, dat's de merlenuinum ! Dat's what it am ;
 An' us is de lion, an' dey is de lamb !

WILLIAM DID.

SHE was a winsome country lass,
 So William, on a brief vacation,
 More pleasantly the time to pass,
 Essayed flirtation ;
 And as they strolled in twilight dim,
 While near the time for parting drew,
 Asked if she'd like to have from him
 A *billet doux*.

Of French this simple girl knew naught,
 But doubting not 'twas something nice,
 Upon its meaning quickly thought,
 Then, in a trice,
 Upward she turned her pretty head,
 Her rosy lips together drew
 For purpose plain, and coyly said,
 "Yes, Billy do!"

* * * * *

And William did!

A RUNAWAY RIDE.

FRANCES MILLARD.

LITTLE DOT in gray coat and white mittens,
 And a blue bow under her chin,
 Ran away one bright winter morning,
 When the train came thundering in.

"Me wants a yide," she said to herself,
 As she trotted across the street,
 "Me climb in ze tars," said the little elf,
 And she quietly took a seat.

She looked through the window humming a song,
 Quite happy and free from care;
 She seemed not to think of doing wrong,
 Nor to want her mamma near.

Now, Dot, there comes the conductor,
 What are you going to do
 Without either ticket or money?
 But the conductor passed on through.

"Toot-toot!" Train stops, but Dot does not stir,
 And shows not a mite of surprise
 When a pretty-faced lady in a coat of brown fur
 Sits beside her and looks in her eyes.

“ Are you lost, little pet?” Dot shook her head.

“ Have a cake?” Dot could not refuse;
Then she curled herself up as if going to bed,
And was soon in a comforting snooze.

Train stopped again, a gentleman walked in,
Looked about him from left hand to right,
Saw Dot, picked her up, and then hurried out
To the station, hugging her tight.

He looked very kind and patted her head,
Little Dot had a notion to cry;
“ I must take you straight back to Boston,” he said,
And Dot did not even ask why.

“ What a bad little girl to run away thus
She deserves to be sent straight to bed!”
Little girl? Why, no! 'Twas a little gray puss
That could not be scolded, but fed.

THEY WILL NEVER DO SO AGAIN.

THE maiden aunt, in her straight-backed chair,
With a flush on her pale and wrinkled cheek,
And a horrified, mortified, mystified air,
Was just about to speak.

And the maiden niece, a nice little maid—
Stood meekly twirling her thumbs about,
With a half-triumphant, half-afraid,
And wholly bewitching pout.

Said the maiden aunt: “ Will you please explain
What your heads were doing so close together?
You could easily, I assure you, Jane,
Have knocked me down with a feather!

“ When I think of your bringing up—my care,
 My scrupulous care—and it’s come to this! You
 Appeared to be sitting calmly there,
 And letting a *young man* kiss you!

“ Now tell me at once just what he said,
 And what you replied. This is quite a trial;
 So do not stand there and hang your head,
 Or attempt the least denial!

“ If I catch you once more in such a—fix,
 Though you are eighteen, I can tell you, Jane,
 I shall treat you just as if you were six,
 And send you to school again!

“ Are you going to tell me what he said,
 And what you said? I’ll not stand this trifling;
 So look at me, Jane! Lift up your head!
 Don’t go as if you were stifling!”

Her voice was shaken—of course, with fear:

“ He said—he said: ‘ Will you have me, Jane?’
 And I said I would. But, indeed, dear,
 We’ll never do so again!”

WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

I KNEW a man and his name was Horner,
 Who used to live on Grumble corner;
 Grumble corner in Cross-patch town,
 And he never was seen without a frown—
 He grumbled at this; he grumbled at that;
 He growled at the dog; he growled at the cat;
 He grumbled at morning; he grumbled at night;
 To grumble and growl seemed his chief delight.

He grumbled so much at his wife that she
Began to grumble as well as he ;
And all the children, wherever they went,
Reflected their parents' discontent.
If the sky was dark and betokened rain,
Then Mr. Horner was sure to complain ;
And if there was never a cloud about,
He'd grumble because of a threatened drought.

His meals were never to suit his taste ;
He grumbled at having to eat in haste ;
The bread was poor or the meat was tough,
Or else he hadn't had half enough.
No matter how hard his wife might try
To please her husband, with scornful eye
He'd look around, and then with a scowl
At something or other begin to growl.

One day, as I loitered along the street,
My old acquaintance I chanced to meet,
Whose face was without that look of care,
And the ugly frown that it used to wear.
" I may be mistaken, perhaps," I said,
As, after saluting, I turned my head,
" But it is and it isn't the Mr. Horner
Who lived so long on Grumble corner."

I met him next day and I met him again,
In melting weather, in pouring rain,
When stocks were up and when stocks were down,
But a smile, somehow, had replaced the frown.
It puzzled me much ; and so one day,
I seized his hand in a friendly way
And said, " Mr. Horner, I'd like to know
What can have happened to change you so ? "

He laughed a laugh that was good to hear,
For it told of a conscience calm and clear,
And he said, with none of the old-time drawl :
“ Why, I’ve changed my residence, that is all ! ”
“ Changed your residence ? ” “ Yes, ” said Horner,
“ I wasn’t healthy on Grumble corner,
And so I moved. ’Twas a change complete.
You will find me now on Thanksgiving street. ”

Now, every day as I move along
The streets so filled with a busy throng,
I watch each face, and can always tell
Where men and women and children dwell ;
And many a discontented mourner
Is spending his days on Grumble corner,
Sour and sad, whom I long to entreat
To take a house on Thanksgiving street.

HER DARING PROTECTOR.

“ **B**ILLIGER ! Hark ! ”

Mrs. McSwat sat straight up in bed and listened to a noise she seemed to hear downstairs.

“ What is it, Lobelia ? ” inquired Mr. McSwat, drowsily.

“ It sounds like somebody talking. Listen ! ”

Mr. McSwat listened. He too thought he heard something.

“ I will see what it is, ” he said, speaking very loudly and moving very leisurely. “ Don’t be alarmed, Lobelia ; we are well armed. Besides these two revolvers, ” he continued in a high voice, intended to terrify any unauthorized persons that might be in the house, “ I have a heavy cane and a large glass paper-weight. Be calm, Lobelia ! ”

He crawled out of bed, collected his arsenal, and the procession moved downstairs in the following order: Mr. McSwat, with revolver in each hand, heavy cane under his arm, and paper-weight in pocket of his embroidered robe de nuit; Mrs. McSwat, ready to scream, with front hair in curl-papers, lamp in one hand, and bottle of camphor in the other. At the landing half-way down Mr. McSwat stopped.

"Lobelia," he observed sternly, "it will be necessary for you to go in front. You have the lamp. I'll protect you."

Mrs. McSwat took her place in front as directed and the procession moved on again. At the foot of the stairs Billiger stopped and took up a commanding place near the hat-rack.

"Now, Lobelia, go ahead with the lamp into this room on the left. I will remain here to see if anybody rushes out. If anybody does rush out," he exclaimed, grinding his teeth in a manner horrible to hear, "I will put fourteen bullets through him, knock him down with this paper-weight and break every bone in his body with this cane!"

Mrs. McSwat went into the room on the left and looked around.

"Do you see anything, Lobelia?" asked her husband in a voice of thunder.

"No, Billiger."

"Go through the other rooms," he roared bracing himself firmly against the wall.

While Billiger remained in the hall, armed to the teeth, pale with iron resolution and trembling with—ungovernable ferocity, Lobelia explored all the rooms and came back.

"Did you see anything?" he demanded.

"Not a thing, Billiger."

"Give me the lamp!"

He handed his weapons to Lobelia, took the lamp, and with dauntless bravery went through the rooms himself.

"It wasn't anything, Lobelia," he said, with extreme disgust. "You didn't hear anything or anybody!"

The procession moved up the stairway on the return trip.

"You must try to overcome this timidity of yours, Lo-

belia,'" said Mr. McSwat, as he put down the lamp and relieved his wife of her load of deadly weapons. "If I hadn't been here to protect you," he grumbled, crawling back into bed, "you would have frightened yourself to death."

FINISHED EDUCATION.

KIND friends, distinguished far and wide for Webster-like precision,
We want the meaning of one phrase, grant us your grave decision.
'Tis surely one you all have heard, and no doubt with vexation;
'Tis written, whispered, talked about, 'tis "finished education."

Now what we want to know is this: How much must we diminish
Below the grade of common-sense to be considered finished.
To what extent must we suppress the heart's best aspiration,
To be applauded, courted, praised for such an education.

Some years ago I sailed away from our New England valleys,
For study in a foreign land, 'mid German streets and alleys.
Time still rolled on. I had been gone of years about a dozen;
I knew the wisest man was dead, but thought myself his cousin.

And truly I had gathered much of books and men and manners,
Then sailed for home to seek a wife where waves Columbia's banners.
There was one dimpled, blue-eyed girl, that played among the barley,
Still cherished, and my heart had said: "She'll be the girl for Charley."

And so returning, I inquired if Anna Lee was living,
And if so, if her heart was free, for mine had some mis-
giving.

“Oh, yes, dear sir,” was the reply; “and she’ll just suit
your station,
She’s handsome, rich, a noble heart, and a finished educa-
tion.”

I made a very early call upon my youth’s selection,
And found her—oh, I cannot tell—she seemed divine per-
fection.

She played such classic airs for me, she sang such lovely
sonnets;
She wore the daintiest little boot and the Frenchiest little
bonnet.

She had some pictures done in oil, others were drawn with
crayon,

While that piano and guitar seemed made for her to play on.
She had a book of choicest flowers, botanic skill displaying,
And all about her cosy room were vines and ivies straying.

And like her vines, each fold of dress was perfectly adjusted,
While Cupid’s book and “what not” shelves were always
neatly dusted.

She loved the Muses, and could quote with voice so rich and
mellow,
A string of rhymes from Avon’s bard down to our own
Longfellow.

I was in love—was soon engaged; in six months we were
married;

I bought a mansion in New York and there my bride I
carried.

I filled my house with friends to share my piece of live
perfection,

And soon I found that rosy cheeks are paint and not com-
plexion.

My wife could play just thirteen tunes—could play that number finely;

She'd drummed upon them thirteen years. She sang nine songs divinely.

She knew by heart sixteen French words to use on state occasions,

For Virgil's line she had learned eight from Homer's three quotations.

The constellations “she adored,” astronomy was “splendid.” She could point out the Pleiades, and there her knowledge ended.

She knew the names of many flowers, but not their tribe or classes,

And she had studied all the books from Parley to Agassiz.

Her room was all disorder now, o'er which she sighed so sweetly,

And said she “missed ma's servants, they always kept the house so neatly.”

Now, gentle friends, this is my fate, I have a “finished” wife;

But all regrets are useless now, I've taken her for life.

I thought I had one that could talk on science, art and history;

But find her minus common-sense, and grammar is a mystery.

She'd learned one thing, and learned it well, and that was most beguiling:

She had the coquette's perfect art of very sweetly smiling.

But smiles are soon insipid things, if no new thoughts are breathing;

And, brothers, all beware the lips that only smiles are wreathing.

The time has come when we must have true women in our nation,

Not such as put on airs and boast of a “finished” education.

LEONARD AND THE V. C.

JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

LEONARD was to some extent a spoiled child. But since the dreadful accident, which had changed the healthy, happy boy to a constant sufferer, there seemed excuses enough for indulging every whim. He moved about a little now on crutches, though he had not strength to be very active with them as some cripples are. But they became ready instruments for his impatience to thump the floor with one end, and not infrequently to strike those who offended him with the other.

His face was little less beautiful than of old, but it looked wan and weird; and his beauty was often marred by what is more destructive of beauty even than sickness—peevishness and ill-temper. His mother, Lady Jane, had come to realize this growth of unruly temper, and greatly did it trouble her. No one but herself knew how the pride of her heart had been stirred by Leonard's love for soldiers, his brave ambitions, the high spirit and heroic instincts which he inherited from a long line of gallant men and noble women. Had her pride been a sham? Did she care only for the courage of the battlefield? Was she willing that her son should be a coward because it was not the trumpet's sound that summoned him to fortitude? She had strung her heart to the thought that she might live to gird on his sword; should she fail to help him carry his cross?

At this point a cry came from below the window, and she saw Leonard beside himself with passion, raining blows like hail with his crutch upon poor Jemiina. Leonard had been irritable all day, and this was the second serious outbreak. Lady Jane felt that her conscience had not roused her an hour too soon.

Leonard had tea that evening in his mother's very own

room. And when the elms looked black against the prim-rose-colored sky, and it had been Leonard's bedtime for half an hour past, the two were together still.

* * * * *

“I beg your pardon, Jemima, I am very sorry, and I'll never do so any more. I didn't want to beg your pardon before, because I was naughty. But I beg your pardon now, because I am good—at least I am better and I am going to try to be good.”

Leonard's voice was as clear as ever and his manner as direct and forcible. Thus he contrived to say so much before Jemima burst in :

“My lamb! my pretty one; you're always good—”

“Don't tell stories, Jemima; and please don't contradict me, for it makes me cross; and if I am cross I can't be good; and if I am not good all to-morrow I am not to be allowed to go downstairs after dinner. And there's a V. C. coming to dinner, and I do want to see him more than I want anything else in the world.”

* * * * *

The V. C. had been singing. Upon a silence that could be felt, the last notes of the song had fallen, when the wheels of a chair announced that Leonard had come to claim his mother's promise. When Lady Jane rose and went to meet him, the V. C. followed.

“Here is my boy of whom I told you. Leonard, this is the gentleman you have wished so much to see.”

The V. C. had been prepared to pity and be good-natured to a lame child who had a whim to see him, but not for this vision of rare beauty, beautifully dressed, with crippled limbs wrapped in Eastern embroideries by his color-loving father, and whose wan face and wonderful eyes were lambent with an intelligence so eager and so wistful, that the creature looked less like a morsel of suffering humanity than like a soul fretted by the brief detention of an all-but-broken claim.

“How do you do, V. C.? I am very glad to see you. I

wanted to see you more than anything in the world. I hope you don't mind seeing me because I have been a coward, for I mean to be brave now; and that is why I wanted to see you so much, because you are such a very brave man. The reason I was a coward was partly with being so cross when my back hurts, but particularly with hitting Jemima with my crutches, for no one but a coward strikes a woman. I wanted to grow up into a brave soldier, but I don't think, perhaps, that I ever can now; but mother says I can be a brave cripple. I would rather be a brave soldier, but I'm going to try to be a brave cripple. Jemima says, there's no telling what you can do till you try. Please show me your V. C."

"It's on my tunic, and that's in my quarters in camp. I'm so sorry."

"So am I. I knew you lived in camp. I like the camp, and I want you to tell me all about your hut. I have so many things I want to ask you, and oh!—those ladies are coming after us! They want to take you away! Mother! Mother dear! Don't let them take him away. You did promise me, you know you did, that if I was good all day I should talk to the V. C. Do let us go into the library and be all to ourselves. Oh, I do hope I shan't be naughty! I feel so impatient! I was good, you know I was. Why doesn't James come and show my friend into the library, and carry me out of my chair?"

"Let me carry you, my little friend, and we'll run away together."

"You are very nice. But can you carry me? Did you ever carry anybody that had been hurt?"

"Yes, several people—much bigger than you."

"Men?"

"Men."

"Men hurt like me or wounded in battle?"

"Wounded in battle."

"Poor things! Did they die?"

"Some of them."

"I shall die pretty soon, I believe. I meant to die young,

but more grown up than this, and in battle. About your age I think. How old are you?"

"I shall be twenty-five in October."

"That's rather old. I meant about Uncle Rupert's age. He died in battle. He was seventeen. You carry very comfortably. Now we're safe! Put me on the yellow sofa, please. I want all the cushions because of my back. It's because of my back, you know, that I can't grow up into a soldier. Soldiers do have such very straight backs, and Jemima thinks mine will never be straight again on this side the grave. So I must try to be brave as I am; and that's why I wanted to see you. Do you mind my talking rather more than you? I have so very much to say, and I've only a quarter of an hour, because of it's being long past my bed-time, and a good lot of that has gone."

"Please talk and let me listen."

"Thank you. Now should you think that if I am very good, and not cross about a lot of pain in my back and head—really a good lot—that that would count up to be as brave as having one wound if I'd been a soldier."

"Certainly."

"Mother says it would, and I think it might. Not a very big wound, of course, but a poke with a spear, or something of that sort. It is very bad sometimes, particularly when it keeps you awake at night."

"My little friend, *that* would count for lying out all night wounded on the field when the battle is over. Soldiers are not always fighting."

"Did you ever lie out for a night on a battlefield?"

"Yes, once."

"Did the night seem very long?"

"Very long and we were very thirsty."

"So am I sometimes, but I have barley-water and lemons by my bed, and jelly and lots of things. You'd no barley-water, had you?"

"No."

"Nothing?"

“Nothing till the rain fell, then we sucked our clothes.”

“It would take a lot of bad nights to count up to that! But I think when I’m ill in bed I might count that like being a soldier in a hospital?”

“Of course.”

“I thought—no matter how good I got to be—nothing could ever count up to be as brave as a real soldier in battle, leading your men on and fighting for your country, though you know you may be killed any minute. But mother says, if I *could* try very hard, and think of poor Jemima as well as myself, and keep brave in spite of being miserable, that then (particularly as it won’t be very long before I do die), it would be as good as if I’d lived to be as old as Uncle Rupert, and fought bravely when the battle was against me, and cheered on my men, though I knew I never could come out of it alive. Do you think it could count up to that? *Do you?* Oh, do answer me, and don’t stroke my head! I get so impatient. You’ve been in battles—*do you?*”

“I do, I do.”

“You’re a V. C. and you ought to know. I suppose nothing, not even if I could be good always, from this minute right away till I die—nothing could ever count up to the courage of a V. C.”

“God knows it could, a thousand times over!”

“Where are you going? Please don’t go. Look at me. They’re not going to chop the Queen’s head off, are they?”

“Heaven forbid! What are you thinking about?”

“Why, because—look at me again. Ah! you’ve winked it away, but your eyes were full of tears and the only other brave man I ever heard of crying was Uncle Rupert, and that was when he knew they were going to chop the poor king’s head off. Oh, dear! there’s Jemima.”

“But you are going to be good?”

“I know I am. And I’m going to do lessons again. I did a little French this morning—a story. Mother did most of it; but I know what the French officer called the poor old French soldier when he went to see him in the hospital.”

“What?”

“*Mon brave!* That means ‘My brave fellow!’”

“A nice name, wasn’t it?”

“Very nice. Here’s Jemima. I’m coming, Jemima. I’m not going to be naughty; but you may go back to the chair, for this officer will carry me. He carries so comfortably. He’s carried men on the field. Thank you, so much. You have put me in beautifully. Kiss me, please. Good night, V.C.

“Good night, ‘*mon brave.*’”

PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

PAINT me your perfect lady. I have seen

Some part, perhaps the whole, of what I mean,
Yet in articulate feature to declare

The form that haunts my thought divinely fair

May well outrange my skill; but thy request

Strikes all denial dumb. Here take my best.

No noise thou hear’st, no preparation blows

A trumpet where my perfect lady goes;

Nor with rude tramp she beats the hollow ground,

Nor minces nicely, nor with girlish bound

Trips the light sod; a woman, not a fairy,

Upon an earthly base firm poised her airy

Consistence rests. No flaunting, broad display

Of rustling flounces marks her gentle way.

But like the breezes of the light-winged May,

Softly she comes, and fragrant all as they.

Oh, she is lovely! all the sunner dwells

In her bright eyes, and every feature tells

A treasured sweetness in the soul within,

That beats like music through the lucid skin;

And when she speaks soft silvery accents flow

Full-throated from a mellow depth below,

Not clipt in shreds, nor with a tinkling din,

A shallow splash from hollow heart within.
Not bold is she to place herself before
The first, nor slinks demure behind the door.
But takes her place just where she ought to be,
Nor makes you feel when there that it is she.
With native grace, and fine untutored mien,
She greets the poor, or stands before a queen,
Sweeps with light, floating ease the festal floor,
Or bends o'er sick beds with the suffering poor.
She hath no postures, knows no attitudes;
Her unschooled gesture gently shows her methods;
She casts no proud and patronizing eye
On those below, nor ducks before the high.
All things to all she is: for why?—in all
Her skill is to be true and natural,
True to herself, and to the high ideal
That God's grace gave her to inform the real;
True to her kind, and to your every feeling
Responding with a power of kindliest healing.
She knows no falseness; even the courtliest lie
She dreams not; truth flows from her deep blue eye;
And if her tongue speaks pleasant things to all,
'Tis that she loveth well both great and small;
And all in her that mortals call politeness,
Is but the image of her bright soul's brightness
Direct from heaven. Such is the perfect fair
Whom in my heart I hold, and worship there;
And if the picture likes thee well to see,
Know, lady, more than half I stole from thee!

A PRIVATE REHEARSAL.

DID I ever tell you my first experience as a teacher of elocution?

I spent several years in careful training with the most conscientious and serious instructors. They taught me to love

nature and to abhor pretence; to strive for simplicity and avoid affectation. Therefore, with the most exalted ideals, I found myself engaged as a teacher in a fashionable school for girls.

I was told that the accomplishment was very popular (that word "accomplishment" hurt me), and my class would be large; also, that I had several wonderfully gifted pupils. I decided to give each one a separate hearing, and not without some trepidation I awaited them—what should I do if they were beyond me! I was modest then.

As the first one entered, a cold chill crept down my back; but by a fearful effort I presented a composed front. Her gait was a swagger; I could criticise that, thank fortune. My spirits rose. After a few preliminaries, I asked her to give me a specimen of her favorite style of recitation. It was one of the finest representations of sound without sense I ever heard. Her style might be called serio-tragico-humorous. Here is an example:



[*Declamatory style.*]

"Hist! a step, an angry mutter, and the owner of the place,
Gentle Flossie's haughty father, and the tramp stood face to
face!

'Thieving rascal! you've my daughter's kerchief bound upon
your brow;

Off with it, and cast it down here. Come! be quick about it
now.'

As the man did not obey him, Flossie's father lashed his
cheek

With a riding-whip he carried; struck him hard and cut him
deep.

Quick the tramp bore down upon him, felled him, o'er him
where he lay

Raised a knife to seek his life-blood. Then there came a
thought to stay

All his angry, murderous impulse, caused the knife to shuddering fall:

‘ He’s *her* father; love your en’mies; ’tis our God reigns over all.’,

My spirits soared aloft, for a time, but soon sank to deeper depths than they had known before. The recital which caused this depression was very realistic. Let me try a few lines on you :

“ With vim her eye [*gesture*] was glistening,
 Her hair [*gesture*] was the hue of the blackbird’s wing;
 And while the friends who knew her well
 The sweetness of her heart [*gesture*] could tell,
 A gun [*gesture*] that hung on the kitchen wall
 Looked solemnly quick to heed her call;
 And they who were evil-minded [*gesture*] knew
 Her nerve was strong [*gesture*] and her aim [*gesture*] was
 true.

So all kind acts and words did deal
 To generous [*gesture*], black-eyed [*gesture*] Jennie McNeal.”

The next one was a striking contrast to the last. her style being finished indifference :

“ There was red wine flowing from the flagons,
 The jewel-crested flagons slim and tall,
 And a hundred voices laughing, jesting,
 And a hundred toasts ringing down the hall;
 For the Baron held a feast at the castle,—
 The gay young Baron, lithe and tall.
 And the Baron led the wassail and the dance,—
 The gay young Baron, lithe and tall;
 With gallant smiles and jests for lovely women guests,
 Till the cock crew athwart the castle wall.
 But amid the lovely faces rising out of ruffs and laces,
 One face for the Baron shone fairer than them all.”

The next one gave me a legitimate chance to laugh, for which I was thankful.

[*Deliver with soubrettish smirk and extravagant gesture.*]

“A Frenchman once, so runs a certain ditty,
Had crossed the strait to famous London city,
To make a living by the arts of France,
And teach his neighbor, rough John Bull, to dance.

[*Here give a suggestion of a jig-step.]*

“But lacking pupils, vain was all skill,
His fortunes sank from low to lower still;
Until at last—pathetic to relate—
Poor Monsieur landed at starvation’s gate.”

During the next rendition, I was compelled to control my risibles, as it was evidently not the place to laugh. The selection was the graceful, beautiful poem “Lady Clare,” and the poor child was awkward, stiff, and self-conscious, with a wooden voice.

“It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

“I trow they did not part in scorn,—
Lovers long betrothed were they.
They two shall wed the morrow morn,
God’s blessing on the day.

“He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well,’ said Lady Clare.”

The Delsartian came next—I feared she would—and recited with most flowing action :

“My soul to-day is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My wingèd boat, a bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote.

* * * * *

Under the walls where swells and falls
 The bay's deep breast at intervals,
 At peace I lie, blown softly by,
 A cloud upon this liquid sky."

"Alas," thought I, "a little learning is a dangerous thing." As an offset to this superabundance of composure, my next subject was a victim of forgetfulness. My sympathies were with her, but the effect was ludicrous:

"You're surprised that I ever should say so?
 Why I say I shan't care for the music"—
 ("Oh, that's not right, let me begin again.")
 "You're surprised that I ever should say so?
 Just wait—just wait—just wait till the reason I've given
 Why I say I shan't care for the music,
 Unless there's a boy there a-whistling—I mean
 Unless there is whistling in heaven."

Pathos had been my favorite study as it was of my next débutante, as she explained prefatorily to me, and I began to hope for something genuine at last. The selection was "The First Quarrel," and this was the manner of it:

"Wait a little, you say? Right. And I work and I wait to
 the end,
 I'm all alone in the world, and you are my only friend.
 Doctor, if you can wait, I'll tell you the tale of my life.
 When Harry an' I were children, he called me his own little
 wife;
 I was happy when I was with him, an' sorry when he was
 away,
 An' when we played together I loved him better than play.
 Passionate girl tho' I was, an' often at home in disgrace,
 I never could quarrel with Harry—I had but to look in his
 face."

The last girl was, by chance, well placed in the program,

for she capped the climax. The “sanguinary tragic” was her style. I soon saw that, and stoically accepted what she had to show—and it *was* a show, and *all* show.

“ Maclaine ! you’ve scourged me like a hound ;
 You should have struck me to the ground ;
 You should have played a chieftain’s part ;
 You should have stabbed me to the heart ;
 You should have crushed me unto death.
 But here I swear with living breath,
 That for this wrong which you have done,
 I’ll wreak my vengeance on your son,—
 On him, and you, and all your race !”

And thus ended the first lesson.

TIT FOR TAT.

IF you cross the hill by my father’s mill,
 And walk along the fields about a mile,
 By the willow copse, where the pathway stops,
 You’ll find a very high and awkward stile.
 It has four high steps, so rudely set,
 To cross it by myself I am afraid ;
 I never dare that way repair,
 Unless at hand I’ve strong and friendly aid.

’Twas there one day, in the month of May,
 I met a loving lad, and with my sweetest tones,
 I asked him would he mind, would he be so very kind,
 As to help me o’er those four most awkward stones ?
 He helped me one, he helped me two,
 And then to my surprise, he paused and said !
 “ Rose, I love you !” I only laughed.
 “ Rose, do you love me ?” I said, “ Not I !”
 “ Then stay where you are, sweetheart,” said he,
 And turned away without another word !

I could not get up or down in my fright,
 What was I to do in such a sad and sorry plight!
 "Come back, come back!" I wildly cried;
 "Come back, come back! I want to go to town;
 If you help me o'er the stile, you'll gain my sweetest
 smile.

And perhaps I'll tell you more when I am down."
 He helped me three, he helped me four,
 Then with a laugh I bounded lightly o'er.
 "Rose, what say you?" I only laughed;
 "Rose, you promised!" I said, "Not I;"
 I told him to stay where he was just then,
 And tripped away without another word!
 He did not get up, he did not go down,
 But sat upon the stile, looking at me with a frown;
 And if you cross the hill, and walk about a mile,
 I think you'll find him sitting on that selfsame stile!

THE HEART NEVER GROWS OLD.

JOSIAH R. ADAMS.

THE heart never grows old.
 How pleasant the thought as locks grow gray,
 And one after another the senses decay,
 And friend after friend drops out by the way—
 The heart never grows old.

The heart never grows old.
 Age's hand to its duties we tremblingly bring,
 Its foot clings to earth, a poor faltering thing,
 Its voice tries so sadly the old songs to sing.

The heart never grows old.

The heart never grows old.
 What of the absence of life's primal power,
 The flight of ambition, that dream of an hour?
 The loss of delights that youthful skies shower?

The heart never grows old.

The heart never grows old.
 In it grows, immortal, a flower from above,
 It is borne up for aye on the wings of a dove,
 For older or younger it thrilleth with love.

The heart never grows old.

WINNING CUP'S RACE.

CAMPBELL RAE-BROWN.

YOU'VE never seen Winning Cup, have you? Stroll around to the paddock, my lord; Just cast your eye over the mare, sir; you'd say that, upon your word, You ne'er saw a grander shaped 'un in all the whole course of your life. Have you heard the strange story about her, how she won Lord Hillhoxton his wife? No? Well, if you've got a few minutes, I'll tell you why Winning Cup, here, Has lived in this lazy grandeur since the first time they let her appear On a race course—to run for a wife, sir, the loveliest girl in the land. Ah! but, 'twas a heart-thrilling moment for them as stood on the stand, And knew the high stakes that were pending on Winning Cup's winning the race. She ran for a woman's heart, sir, to save an old name from disgrace.

She is as sound as the day I rode her, just ten years ago last June.

I'll never forget how they cheered us, the mare and her jock, Bob Doon.

He was always a reckless youngster, my master, Hillhoxton, you know;

And when the old Marquis died, sir, he seemed, somehow or other, to go

Right fair clean away to the devil, and being a fresh 'un, you see,

The "bookies" just fleeced him a good 'un. I knew, sir, quite well, how 'twould be;

I knew he would go down a mucker—be ruined, sir, sure as fate.

In his careless, boyish folly, I saw that the fine old estate Would be gambled away, the title be sullied, perchance with shame.

I said to myself, "Bob Doon, boy, you must save your old master's name."

He'd loved a quiet bit of racing—I'd been his head jockey for years.

I remember the night he died, sir, his old eyes filled with tears;

He told me to mind the youngster, to see that he didn't begin And gamble, and always remember the Hillhoxtons rode to win.

He took my rough hand as he finished, in the same old well-known grip,

As hundred of times I'd seen him a-grasping the ribbons and whip.

He didn't last very much longer; I stood by the bed as he died,

And watched my old master's spirit start on its last long ride. One night—I remember it well, sir, it must have been nigh four years

After the old marquis left us—very heavy at heart with fears,

I was sitting in one of the stables, not dreaming as no one was near,
A-thinking of how things were looking a mighty sight too deuced queer.
I had turned round my head for a moment, to see as the nags were all right,
When I saw the young master a-standing behind me. I started—the sight
Of his face, pale and haggard, sent a rush of cold blood to my heart.
I knew, sir, that something had happened. “Doon, Doon, my boy, why do you start?
Don’t you know me?” he said; “have I altered? have I changed so since yesterday?
No wonder, good God! I am ruined; I have gambled the old home away.
But the worst—poor girl, Lady Constance,—you know how she loves me, old friend—
What will she think of me now, Bob? For pity’s sake!
Heaven defend
And keep her,” he cried, “true as ever. But no, no, I never can wed
You. May God bless you, my darling,—forget me, as if I were dead.”
“Be a man, be a man, sir,” said I;
“Trust to me, I can yet pull you through, sir—there’s a mare in your stud that can fly.
I kept her—I knew you were playing too fast, far too reckless a game;
But there’s Winning Cup, ready to run and save a Hillhoxton’s name.”
When I saw that the lad was collected, I asked him to turn and look
At the very first bet he had entered on the very first page of his book.
He looked at me—eyes full of wonder—“That’s three years ago—what do you mean?”

“ My lord, you'll forgive me,” I answered; “ forgive me;
I know you have been
Too hot; aye, too heedless by far, sir, in your youthful,
reckless career;
You've forgotten—just read for a moment the words that you
see written here.

The foal Winning Cup, here, is ready and fit, sir, to run for a life;
In the big race, next week, she will save you, will win for
you a fortune and wife.”

The boy couldn't speak for a moment, his pallid lips moved
in a groan;

Then he rallied, and grasping my hand, sir, held it just like
a vise in his own.

The day of the race was a grand one, but few knew the issue
at stake;

We'd tried hard to keep it a secret for the splendid old mar-
quis's sake.

As we cantered away past the stand, sir, to give the big
swells all a view,

Hardly one of them dreamt what 'twould mean, sir, if the
Hillhoxton “chocolate and blue”

Were beaten, nor guessed that fair Constance, waiting there
for the race to begin,

Was in murmuring a low prayer to heaven that her young
lover's colors might win.

“ All ready!” A beautiful start, sir; the line was as straight
as could be.

“ They're off!” the shout rang for a moment around us, and
then seemed to me

As dying away in the distance, while we scudded along the
course

At a pace that was far too killing to last; so I kept my horse
Well back in the rear to the corner. Then I let the reins
loose on her mane.

She passed through them all but just one, sir—Lord Rattling-
ton's colt, Sugar Cane.

Then I saw there would be a struggle; I had known it for months long back
That all as I need be afraid of was the old baron's fast-flying "crack."
'Twas a terrible moment for me, sir; the colt was three good lengths ahead.
I whispered a word to the mare, sir; 'twas enough—she knew what I said.
Sweeping on down the hill like a rocket, she got to the girths of the colt;
My heart gave a great throb of pleasure—I made sure that "he'd shot his bolt!"
But no—his jock hustled him up, sir; his whip swishes fell like the rain
And the cry ran like fire up the course, sir: "It's thousands on Sugar Cane!"
The stand was reached, Sugar Cane leading! two seconds and all would be o'er.
"Lord Rattlington wins"—no, not yet, though we're neck, sir, to neck—two strides more.
I saw in the great sea of faces a girl's—pale white as the dead—
I cried, "For God's sake, Winning Cup, now!" 'Twas over—we'd won by a head!

THE NICE PEOPLE.

H. C. BUNNER.

[From *Puck* and "Short Sixes," by permission of Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann and the author.]

"**T**HEY certainly are nice people, and I'll bet that their three children are better brought up than most of—" "Two children," corrected my wife "Three, he told me."

"My dear, she said there were two."

"He said three."

"You've simply forgotten. I'm *sure* she told me they had only two—a boy and a girl."

"Well, I didn't enter into particulars."

"No, dear, and you couldn't have understood him. Two children."

"All right," I said; but I did not think it was all right. My memory is bad; but I had not had time to forget that Mr. Brewster Brede had told me that afternoon that he had three children, left, at present, in the care of his mother-in-law, while he and Mrs. Brede took their summer vacation.

"Two children," repeated my wife, "and they are staying with his Aunt Jenny."

"He told me with his mother-in-law."

My wife looked at me with a serious expression. Men may not remember much they are told about children; but any man knows the difference between an aunt and a mother-in-law.

And yet, the next morning, when the Bredes came down to the table, beaming and smiling in their natural, well-bred fashion, I knew that they *were* "nice" people. He was a fine-looking fellow in his neat tennis flannels, slim, graceful, twenty-eight or thirty years of age, with a Frenchy, pointed beard. She might have been twenty-five, and in her pretty clothes, was a type of prettiness. And nice people were all we wanted to make us happy in Mr. Jacobus's summer boarding-house on top of Orange Mountains.

I was not surprised when, after breakfast, my wife invited the Bredes to walk with us to "our view." We strolled slowly across the fields, passed through the little belt of woods, and I motioned to Brede to look up.

"By Jove!" he cried, "heavenly!"

We looked off from the brow of the mountain, over fifteen miles of billowing green, to where far across a stretch of pale blue, lay a dim purple line that we knew was Staten Island. There were ridges and hills, woods and plains, all massed and mingled in that great silent sea of sunlit green.

"And so that's *your* view?" asked Mrs. Brede, after a moment; "you are very generous to make it ours, too."

Then we lay down on the grass, and Brede began to talk, in a gentle voice, as if he felt the influence of the place.

A little later Mr. Brede said: "When I went up the Matterhorn—"

"Why, dear," interrupted his wife; "I didn't know you ever went up the Matterhorn!"

My wife and I exchanged glances.

"It—it was five years ago. I—I didn't tell you—when I was on the other side, you know—it was rather dangerous. Well, as I was saying—it looked—oh, it didn't look at all like this!"

A cloud floated overhead, throwing its great shadow over the field where we lay. My wife and I exchanged glances once more. Somehow the shadow lingered over us all. As we went home, the Bredes went side by side, and my wife and I walked together.

"Should you think," she asked me, "that a man would climb the Matterhorn the very first year he was married?"

"I don't know," my dear," I answered, evasively; "this isn't the first year I have been married, not by a good many, and I wouldn't climb it—for a farm."

"You know what I mean," she said.

I did.

When we reached the boarding-house, Mr. Jacobus took me inside.

"You know, my wife, she used to live in New York!"

I didn't know; but I said, "Yes."

"She says the numbers on the streets run criss-cross like. Thirty-four's on one side o' the street an' thirty-five on t'other. How's that?"

"That is the invariable rule, I believe."

"Then—I say—these here new folks that you 'n your wife seem so taken up with—d'ye know anything about 'em?"

"I know nothing about the character of your boarders,

Mr. Jacobus," I replied, with some irritability. "If I choose to associate with any of them—"

"Jes' so—jes' so!" broke in Jacobus. "I hain't nothin' to say ag'inst yer sosherbility. But do ye *know* them?"

"Why, certainly not."

"Well—that wuz all I wuz askin' ye. Ye see, when *he* come here to take the rooms—he told my wife that he lived at No. 34 in his street. An' yistiddy *she* told her they lived at No. 35. He said they lived in an apartment house. Now there can't be no apartment house on two sides of the same street, kin they!"

I went up to my wife's room.

"Don't you think it's queer?" she asked me.

"I think I'll have a talk with that young man to-night and see if he can explain himself."

"But, my dear, *she* doesn't know whether they've had measles or not."

"Why, great Scott! they must have had them when they were children."

"Please don't be stupid, I meant *their* children."

After supper I asked Brede to accompany me on a twilight stroll. When we returned I found my wife and said :

"I've talked with Brede, and he felt some sort of explanation was looked for, and he was very outspoken. You were right about the children—that is, I must have misunderstood him. There are only two. But the Matterhorn episode is simple enough. He didn't realize how dangerous it was until he had got so far he couldn't back out; and he didn't tell her, because he'd left her here, you see, and—"

"Left her here! I've been sitting with her, and she told me he left her at Geneva, and—now I'm sure, dear, because I asked her. And do you know, she doesn't know how many lumps of sugar he takes in his coffee?"

It looked queer, very queer.

After breakfast, it was the custom for the male half of the household to go to the grape-arbor to smoke, where we would not annoy the ladies. We sat under the trellis that pleasant sum-

mer morning, and overheard an earnest conversation between Mr. Brede and Mr. Jacobus.

"I don't want to enter in no man's privacy, but I do want to know who it may be, like, that I hev in 'n y house. Now what I want to ask of *you*, and I don't want you to take it no ways personal, is—hev you your merridge-license with you?"

"No," said Mr. Brede. "Have you yours?"

It was a chance shot, but it told all the same. After an awful stillness, Mr. Brede's voice arose:

"Mr. Jacobus, will you make out your bill at once? I shall leave by the six o'clock train."

"I hain't said I wanted to hev you leave—"

"Bring me your bill."

"But, ef you ain't—"

"Bring me your bill!"

My wife and I went for our morning's walk. We meant to stay out until the Bredes had taken their departure; but we returned just in time to see Pete, loading the Brede trunks on the wagon.

"I'm awfully sorry they're going," said my wife. But going they were. Mrs. Brede looked toward my wife and my wife moved toward Mrs. Brede. But the ostracized woman turned sharply away, and opened her parasol to shield her eyes from the sun. A shower of rice—a half-pound shower of rice, fell down over her pretty hat and pretty dress, and fell in a spattering circle on the floor, and there it lay, bright in the morning sun. Mrs. Brede was in my wife's arms, sobbing as if her young heart would break.

"We-w-we didn't want to be t-taken for a b-b-b-bridal c-couple," sobbed Mrs. Brede, "and we d-d-didn't dream what aw-awful lies we'd have to t-t-tell, and the awful m-mixed-up-ness of it. Oh, dear, dear, dear!"

"Pete!" commanded Mr. Jacobus, "put back them trunks. These folks stay here's long's they wants ter!"

DEBIL, MIGHTY DEBIL.

IT was near Flat Rock, Lunenberg County, Virginia. Scene, a negro meeting under an arbor, Uncle Ben in the pulpit prepared to preach. The Doctor and I occupied a seat on a cart near by. The congregation were singing "I'm gwine to jine de army ob de Lord." Uncle Ben was very much puzzled, apparently, by the contents of a note which had been handed to him by a small boy. The congregation, seeing he was troubled, threw into the hymn all their force, and concluded with a grand burst of melody that fairly shook the surrounding trees.

When the last echo had died away, the old man arose, wiped his spectacles and took up the offending document.

"Brederin, I hab in my han' a paper. You see 'tis paper, an' 'tain't nuthin' but paper. Now listen while I reads what's rit on dis paper. De paper say, 'Uncle Ben, I'm much obleeged to you when you preach on de tex' which am dis, 'Debil, mighty Debil.'" Now, brederin, you hear dat? De nigger dat rit dat paper ain't got no name, an' I jes' would like to clap my eyes on de sinner what says dat de Debil, mighty Debil. An' moreober de paper don' say whar 'bouts in de Bible de tex' is; an' whosomeber heard ob a man preachin' widout habin' de Bible open befo' him? But howsomeber de case may be, we takes de tex', an' tells you whar it begins and whar it eends."

"Eberlasting!" shouted a sable maiden at the top of her voice.

"Now, jes' hear dat! You woman dar, stop dat fuss. Don' you see Uncle Ben in de wilderness? Soon ez Uncle Ben git out de wilderness, you kin shout an' holler jes' ez loud ez you please. Some you folks say you got 'ligion thirty years ago, maybe you mout, but I spec' 'ligion neber got you yit.

"Well, ez I was a-sayin', 'Debil, mighty Debil.' To splanify dat, I 'vides de tex' in three parts: Fust is Debil, an' las' is Debil, an' de middle is mighty. Well, I takes de fust an' de las', an' dat make Debil, double Debil, an' when de Debil

git to be double Debil, den you see how de Debil, mighty Debil.

“Fust de Debil. Well, a dog jump a ole hyar, ole hyar she run fo’ de bushes, an’ de dog he fyarly fly. But de ole hyar git out ob sight ob de dog, an’ tu’n right off roun’ de bushes. De dog he come tyaring ‘long like mad, like he’s ravin’ ‘stracted, an’ de dog lose de track. Den de ole hyar res’ till de dog fin’ de track, den she keep gwine roun’ an’ roun’ de bushes, tell de dog he don’ know whar he is, an’ he jes’ lay down an’ gib up. Dis ’cludes de fust part ob de subjec’.

“Den comes de las’ part ob de subjec’, which am ‘Debil.’ Well, Sam dar, gwine to his wife’s Sadday night. He t’inkin’ mighty sweet an’ pleasant ‘bout de ole ‘oman an’ little chillen, what he’s gwine to see. Presently ole hog come out de woods; ole hog have long o’ her whole passle little pigs. Sam’s mouth ’gin to water. Sam look all roun’, don’ see nobody. Sam stoop down an’ ’gin to t’row gravels at de pigs; ole hog grunt. Sam, he say, ‘Sookle, sookle;’ little pigs ’gin to hist der noses an’ come up to Sam. Sam, don’ you take dat pig, dat ole Master’s pig! Den de Debil was stan’in’ ‘hind a tree. Debil says, ‘Sam, yo’s a fool! Ole Master got plenty pigs, an’ you’ wife an’ chillen ain’t got nuthin’ but fat bacon to eat. Sam, take de pig!’ An’ Sam he reach out his han’ an’ grab de pig. Dis ’cludes de las’ part ob de subjec’.

“Den comes de middle ob de subjec’, which am ‘mighty.’ Well, Sam done lib out his three-sco’ an’ ten. Sam lay down an’ die. Dey put Sam’s body in de grabe an’ de niggalis sing all roun’ it:

‘I don’ want you to grieb after me,
 I don’ want you to grieb after me,
 When I’m dead an’ buried in de cold, silent grabe,
 I don’ want you to grieb after me.’

Den dey kibber up Sam’s body, but Sam ain’ dar. Sam gone up to de pearly gates. Sam knock at de gate. Peter, he

say, 'Who dar?' Sam, he say, 'It's Sam.' Peter he say, 'What you want, Sam?' Sam, he say, 'I wants to come in an' sit down wid de Hebrew chillen in de fiery furnace.' Peter he say, 'You can't come in here, Sam.' Den Sam, he 'gin to get skeered an' he say, 'Please, Marse Peter, I been a-singin' an' a-shoutin' lo, dese many years long o' Uncle Ben down yander in de yearth.' Peter, he say, 'Mighty sorry for you, Sam, but you can't come in here, kase you stole your ole Master's pig.' Den old Lucyfire step up an' grab Sam, jes' like Sam grab de pig, an' take him down to de lonesome regions ob de lost spirits, whar de wurm never dies, an' whar dere is a wailin' an' a gnashin' ob teeth.

"Ah! brederin, 'Debil, mighty Debil!' Fust de hyar double on de dog, den de debil double on Sam. He's de mos' 'ceevinist creatur on de top ob dis yearth, an' if you let him git close to you, he'll double on you 'fore you know it an' ruin foreber yo' mortal speerits."

Uncle Ben concluded his discourse by announcing that he would not again preach from a text unless the chapter and verse were given, for, as he sapiently remarked, "Who de debil can preach from such a tex' as 'Debel, mighty Debil,' when he don' know what comes befo' nor what comes after?"

THE YOUNG WIFE'S LAMENT.

DEAR NELLIE: I turn to your love, in my trouble;
 I know I ought not, but I must speak or die;
 I've found out at last all bliss is a bubble,—
 Don't think, though, with Jack there has aught gone awry.

Our home is superb, and dear Jack is just splendid;
 The baby's the sweetest that ever you saw;
 I think that my home would be heaven descended
 To earth, were it not for my mother-in-law.

Of course, I set out with a view to adore her—

Jack's mother, you know, I threw open my heart,
And daily and hourly my will bowed before her;

To win her affections I tried every art.

I credited her with all the good in creation;

I shut my eyes tight and would not see a flaw;
But now, spite of all, to my own consternation,
I find myself hating my mother-in-law'

If I wish for a thing, she advises the contrary;

She waylays my orders for dinner and tea,
Worries the housemaid, scolds cook and Mary,
Criticises my friends, and politely snubs me.

And Jack, if he knew it, of course, would be worried;

He'd not understand but answer "O pshaw!

She doesn't half mean it, go on and don't mind her!"

Just fancy, not *minding* a mother-in-law!

If I dance at a party—such conduct's improper;

If I smile at a partner—there's straightway a scene;

If I buy a new dress, she counts up every copper,

And sighs, "Such extravagance never was seen."

She manages always, with such a sly knack, too;

She makes folks believe she's a saint without flaws;

I half wish I were dead, Nell, and baby, and Jack, too;

In heaven one can't have a mother-in-law.

She ruled her own household—why can't she permit me

To govern in turn my own now as well?

If you've any advice—there, 'tis post-time—remit me

The same. Adieu, darling. As ever, your Belle.

P. S.

Of all wives in the world, Nellie dear, my surmise is

Mother Eve was the luckiest the race ever saw,

Though they lost their estate by a certain fall crisis;

For she had—oh, bliss!—no mother-in-law!

AFTERMATH.

MRS. M. E. BANTA.

A CRICKET sang on the wide old hearth
Of a fireplace broad and deep,
Where the rings on the backlog, huge and black,
Showed a century's backward sweep;
And the curling flames and whirling smoke
Through the fore-sticks' bulky pile,
Was cheery welcome that winter day,
As the glow of a loving smile.

Through the small, deep window near at hand
The wintry sky gloomed in,
Whence the first snow blossoms shook their bloom
Through the tree-tops bare and grim;
But the firelight laughed on the long-lined wall
And the dresser's shining row,
And even the musket that hung aloft
Glinted bright in the peaceful glow.

A woman sat by the cabin fire,
With a hand on either knee,
Her hair as gray as the snowy sky
Of a winter's day could be;
And the fitful firelight leaped and fell
O'er the quaint old woman's face,
Her sad brown eyes so deep with thought,
Gazing into the wide fireplace.

“ Ah, me! It is five and thirty years
Since we kissed and said good-by,
When the laurel blossoms were clustered pink
Underneath the sweet June sky.
Yet I seem to see the speckled trout
'Mong the rocks of the mountain stream,
Where the honeysuckle, white and sweet,
O'ershadowed its shining gleam.

“ And I look in the tops of the fragrant pines
As they whisper sweet and low,
With your arm around me as we kissed
And parted so long ago.
For father had met with sad reverse,
And the great stone house was sold
Where some of our kith and kin had dwelt
Till the home was gray and old.

“ And over the mountain toward the sun,
When it sinks by the evening star,
Through the trackless forest of many a league,
We must take up our way afar—
'Twas weeks and weeks we floated on
Through the endless forest gloom,
Till we stopped at the foot on the river bank,
And started to build a home.

“ Only a cabin, rude and low,
With the wild woods thick around,
And father's old hands unused to toil,
To clear up and till the ground.
But once, on a day I'll ne'er forget,
There rode on a splendid bay,
A strong young settler up to our door
And offered to help and stay.

“ And father was glad and mother smiled,
And bade me be good to Dent,
For he was the son of the richest man
In all of our settlement.
He was ruddy and strong, and very soon
I knew why he came to stay;
But ah! my thoughts were over the hills.
'Mong the laurels so far away.

“ And so I told him it could never be ;
 But little he seemed to heed,
 And never a longed-for letter came.
 To help in my sorest need.
 But at last a neighbor brought us news
 From the hills where the trout stream ran,
 And I heard in a daze the cruel words :
 ‘ John Paul is a married man ! ’

“ Ah me ! what mattered my faithful heart,
 Or Dent’s rough, backwoods ways ?
 I could give plenty and rest and peace
 To father’s and mother’s days.
 It was so little to me, I thought,
 For I was twice shipwrecked then
 When I kissed my love by the rocky stream,
 In my old home’s mountain glen.

“ And I married Dent. Wrong is never right,
 I learned to my bitter shame
 When two weeks later, over all those leagues,
 My first love’s letter came !
 The treacherous savage in his wilds
 And the mighty river’s sweep
 Had spared and sped, while I—oh, sad—
 Had failed my troth to keep !

“ The years have come and the years have gone
 And I sit by the fire’s dull light,
 With bleaching head in a cabin home,
 Widowed and poor to-night.
 My children are gone to distant homes,
 And Dent fills a drunkard’s grave,
 And, though rough, he knew full well
 That duty was all I gave.

“ And father’s and mother’s gray hairs went
With sorrow down to the grave,
And I think the wrong which had ruined me
Their consciences never forgave.
For back where the trout stream glinted bright,
Near my dear old mountain home,
My mate, unmated, was dwelling still,
In wealth and honor—alone.

“ Oh, I sometimes wish I could see him yet—
Though my hair is whitening fast—
In spite of the long and dreary years
That parted us in the past.
I wonder is that my son come home
Who walks toward my cabin door?
Thank God, for the light of a loving face
When my old heart beats so sad !

“ ’Tis a stranger with a furrowed face,
And hair like the milkweed’s floss,
But courtlier than he my cabin door
Before has stepped across.’’
One piercing look, and at his feet
Like a shadow, still and gray,
She sinks, while the wood-fire’s welcoming light
Lifts and falls in a fitful play.

Like clover-bloom in the autumn time,
When frosts are coming fast,
To these fading lives with their hearts of youth,
Came a fruitful bloom at last.
And the cricket sang as mad with joy
In the firelight’s laughing light,
While the gray old man and the woman stood
Heart to heart in the winter night.

CHARLIE AND THE POSSUM.

HARRY S. EDWARDS.

[By permission of the Century Co. and the author.]

IT was a day of great excitement in the court-room of the 2057th District, G. M. Charlie Brood had been arrested for larceny, the particular charge being that he had stolen a 'possum and a steel trap, the property of Peter Thompson. Charlie having demanded that he be tried by a jury of his peers, the Justice, with that accommodating spirit peculiar to some backwoods officers, had called in six colored gentlemen as a jury, arraigned the prisoner, and put the prosecutor under oath to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. As Peter Thompson laid his aged lips upon the well-worn Bible, he rolled the whites of his eyes into prominence and let fall an ominous glance upon the prisoner at the bar, who had sunk down into his chair until the top of his shoulders was about level with his ears.

"Jedge, I tell you how hit was," the witness began, "I drives a dray fer Marse Mansfiel' up en Macon, an' I works hard. I ain' got no time ter hunt up deir an' I got er wife an' family ter tek cyah, of. So when I come down hyah ter my aunt's fun'al, I fetch erlong er trap ter sot out, 'cause nigger 'bleege ter hab 'possum some time. An' I sot hit out en de fur corner of er cornfiel' en de edge er de swamp, by er black-gum tree, ter cotch er 'possum. I ain' got but fo' days down hyah, Jedge, an' I go ter dat trap ev'y mo'nin' 'bout day, 'spectin' ter fin' er 'possum deir ter tek home ter my wife an' faintly. Las', one mo'nin' I go deir an' I see 'possum signs all over de place. I say, 'Peter, bless goodness! dat sho big-bo' 'possum.' Den I say 'g'in, 'Huh, dat strong 'possum! Done tote trap off!' But I knowed he ain' tote hit fur, an' I 'gin ter look erbout. I look, an' I look, an' I look. Ain' see no 'possum nowhar! Den bimeby I see nigger track, an' 'bout dat time I know wha' de matter. I

was sho mad. I des tek dat trail like er houn' dog. Jedge, ef I had er-cotch dat nigger *den*, I wouldn' er been hyah now, an' he wouldn' neether I'd er kill 'im right deir!

"Well, sah, I run t'rough dem fiel's like er man's tracks; las' I struck de railroad. I look dis way an' I look dat way, an' den I saw dis hyah nigger wid er bag on his shoulder 'way down de railroad. Fus' news he know, I was deir. I says, says I,

"'Mornin', Charlie', des so. An' he say:

"'Mornin':

"'How you do?' says I.

"'I'm toler'ble,' says he. 'How you do?'

"An' I up an' say, 'I'm toler'ble.' He don' say no more, an' bimeby I up an' come erg'in:

"'What you got en dat bag, Charlie?' Den he say:

"'Unc' Peter, I so tired. Be'n 'way down ter de station ter git my wife some 'taters. She mighty sick, an' hanker-in' atter 'taters, an' our 'taters all got de dry rot.'" He ain' answer de question, Jedge, an' I gi' hit ter him ergin'.

"Says I: 'What you got en dat bag, Charlie?'

"Den he say, 'Hit's er long way ter de station, an' if my wife hadn' be'n sick she'd hatter done 'thout 'taters.'

"Jedge, he ain' say 'taters en de bag; des keep on talk'n' 'roun' 'bout es sick wife an' bein' tired. Den I wan' ter see how big er liar de nigger kin be, an' I ax de question erg'in.

"'Bout dat time, while he was studyin' up er new lie, I see de 'possum twis' en de bag, an' right deir I re'ch out my han' an' grab de bag f'om him, an' shek hit, 'cause I was determ' ter see what'en dat bag. He ain' try ter hender me, an' he better not, 'cause ef he had, deir'd er be'n er rookus right deir. Well, Jedge, I shuk, an' I shuk, an' I shuk, but nuthin' drap. An' I den say:

"'Charlie, look like dem 'taters mus' hab toofs an' toenails ter hol' on wid.' An' I shuk erg'in. 'Charlie,' says I, des so, 'mebbe dem 'taters got de tail wrap' 'roun' er knot en de bag; ' an' wid dat I turn hit wrong side out, an'

down drap de 'possum wid he foot en de trap. De lyin' nigger drew up bofe han's an' say:

"'Lordy mussy! what dat 'possum gwine do wid dat trap?'

"'Jedge, I done eat dat 'possum; hyah de foot en de trap, hyah de trap, an' deir de nigger. He ain' done me right, no he ain'.'

There was silence for a few moments. Fingal Cave Scotland, the oldest man on the jury, bent his gray head down close to the ear of Obadiah Lafayette and whispered solemnly. The face of the Rev. Septimus Smith, who sat on the other end of the jury, was grave. Others exchanged comments. Evidently it was a threatening moment for Charlie, but Charlie came to the stand smilingly.

"'Hit's des lak dis, Jedge,'" he began. "'I ain' no town nigger, an' I'm proud er de troof. I ain' so triflin' I cyarn't git work whar I was borned, an' hatter run ter town. An' I'm proud er de troof ergin. Dese hyah town niggers, dey 'low as how dey own de whole worl' an' eb'yt'ing dat wears hair er feeders f'om hen-roos' ter 'possum holler. Dey ain' satisfy en town; dey mus' come down hyah an' bre'k up de ole-timie huntin' an' fishin' wid dey trapsions an' dey nets. Ef dey'd come lak er white man an' hunt wid er dog an' er gun, hit 'u'd er be'n diffunt, an' folks 'u'd had some spec' fur 'em. Ain' dat so, Unc' Fingal?'"

This appeal to the prejudices of the country negro had an immediate effect upon the jury.

"'Hit sho' es de troof,'" replied Fingal.

The prisoner continued:

"'Jedge, I sort er like 'possum m'se'f, but I ain' ~~sot~~ no trap. I hunt 'im wid er dog an' de torch like er man. Dat night I was out tryin' ter show er fool puppy how ter trail, an' bimeby he open' up an' lit out. I says ter m'se'f, 'Charlie, you gwine ter hab 'possum fur dinner!' An' 'bout dat time I jes' natchelly laugh' out loud. Jedge, I see dat 'possum right 'fo' me en de dish, brown all ober.'"

A slight shudder shook the form of the Rev. Septimus

Smith, and a momentary sensation swayed the other jury-men.

“I seed dem split sweet ‘taters ‘roun’ dat ‘possum like er yaller hawberry chain ‘roun’ er nigger gal’s neck. I seed de brown gravy leakin’ down es sides as he lay deir cryin’ fur joy all ober, an’ er jug er ‘simmon beer—”

“Hyah! hyah! hyah! hyah-h-h-h! Hyah! hyah! hyah! Hoo-ee-ee!”

This explosion came from Fingal Cave Scotland, who doubled up and would have fallen out of the chair but for the restraining hand of his next neighbor. The Court administered a ponderous rebuke, and the witness proceeded:

“Hit’s des dat way, Jedge; an’ I hope yo’ Hono’, ain’ t’ink hard er Unc’ Fingal fur his natch’l feelin’s, ‘cause las’ ‘possum I tas’, hit war fixed up an’ on es table like I tell yer. An’ dey’d be deir more oftener ef hit warn’t fur dese hyah biggity town niggers an’ dey traps.”

“Go on with your story.” The Judge rapped the table with his knuckles.

“Yes, sir. Well, Jedge, by dat time de fool puppy plum’ out er hearin’, an’ I knowed he done struck er fox. Hit was de ‘July’ blood en ‘im. I ‘gin ter look ‘roun’ fur home, ‘cause day breakin’, when I stumble on sumpin’, an’, bless you, deir was de ‘possum settin’ right ‘fo’ me. I says, ‘Charlie, hyah ‘possum de Lord sent you’ ‘Possum he settin’ up deir by hesse’f, an’ eyes des er-shinin’. I says: ‘Huh! dis ‘possum he sick. No, ‘possum ain’ sick; he des too fat ter trabble. I sho’ eat dis ‘possum.’ Den I look erg’in. Dah now! ‘Possum hitch en er trap! I say ter m’se’f, ‘Charlie, dis ain’ yo’ ‘possum; dis somebody else’s ‘possum. You ain’ gwine tek ‘n’er man’s ‘possum, is you?’ Den I say, ‘No, course I ain’ gwine tek dis hyah ‘possum! What I want wid ‘n’er man’s ‘possum? an’ walk right off, sort er-singin’ ter m’se’f, ‘Racoon tail am ringed all roun’.’

“I get ‘bout fifteen foot erway, an’ den I kin’er natchelly look back, and’, Jedge, hit’s God’s troof, dat little ole ‘possum settin’ back deir on dat trap look so col’ an’ lonesome,

an' de owls des er-hollerin' an' de heel-taps er-hammerin' up en de dead trees. I says ter m'se'f, 'Charlie, you sho ain' gwine lef' dat po' little 'possum out hyah all by hesse'f en de big swainp, es you? Sumpin' boun' ter coteh 'im sho'. Den I says: 'Who he belong ter, anyhow? Did de man wha' sot de trap raise 'im? Does dat man own dis hyah lan'? Does de own de holler tree dis hyah po' little wanderin' 'possum born en? No, he don', says I. 'Possum is es own boss.' Den I go back an' look 'im in de eye, an' I say, 'Little 'possum, you col', ain' you!' An', bless goodness! he smiled cl'ar back twell es jaw-toof shine. An' I says, 'Does you wan' ter git en Charlie's warm bag an' go 'long back ter sleep?' An' he smile erg'in. An' I says, 'All right; but how 'bout dat trap?' An', Jedge, den dat 'possum look se'ious, an' lay es nose down on es leg. I tell 'im den: 'Little 'possum, Charlie ain' gwine leb' you out hyah in de col', an' yon be'n up all night. He gwine ter drap you in de bag, 'cause you yo' own boss an' kin come an' go; but ef you fetch dat trap erlong hit's yo' own 'sponsibleness. Charlie ain' got no business ter tech 'n'er man's trap. But I gwine shet bofe eyes, an' deir won' be no witness.' Den de 'possum he smile erway back ergin, an' I drap 'im en de bag, bofe eyes shet. An', Jedge, dat's de Lord's troof. I ain't tech dat trap. Deir hit es down deir on de flo', wid de 'possum han' still on hit. I ain' git er smell er dat 'possum, an' I ain' stole nuthin'."

There was a murmur of applause as Charlie concluded, but this was quickly repressed. The Justice, putting on his glasses, read the law as to wild animals to the jury, and explained what was meant by larceny, and the jury retired. When they returned they brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty." This was explained afterwards by the Rev. Septimus Smith. He said the jury was clearly of the opinion that a 'possum was no man's property until actually in his possession, and that if the trap was stolen, it had been stolen by the 'possum and not by Charlie Brood.

THE LEGEND OF KINGSALE.

LIST to my tale—as true a tale as any bard can sing—
Why Courcy of Kingsale may wear his hat before the
King.

When John was King in England, before the barons rose
And wrung the Charter from him, all good men were his
foes;

All knaves his friends and counselors, who spread abroad his
toils

For knights and noble gentlemen, and fattened on the spoils.
To be renowned was a crime, and to a donjon drear

That crime consigned De Courcy for many a weary year.

De Courcy, pride of chivalrie! A leader of the best;
The stoutest knight that drew a sword or laid a lance in rest!

There came a champion o'er the sea, from Gallia's King he
came,

To flout us in our sad disgrace; Sir Bras de Feu his name.

A giant's form, a lion's heart, and eke a skilful lance—

There was no better knight than he in all the land of France.

And out our silken courtlings came, a tilt with him to run;

But ten he hurled upon the plain before the day was done.

“What stripling squires are these,” he cried, “you send
with me to fight?

Cut me a bulrush for a spear and send me forth a knight!”

Alack, alas for England! the like could never be

Were good De Courcy armed again free from captivitie!

The King has heard the murmur and seen how sped the day.
He sent to good De Courcy in his prison where he lay:

“Alack, my knight, thine enemies have done thee grievous
wrong,

For that thy soul is valiant and for that thine arm is strong.

My justice watches over all from girding sea to sea;

Thine innocence is manifest; De Courcy, thou art free.

And as good fortune wills it—there is to-day, in sooth,

A way to silence foes and prove thy loyalty and truth.
 I bid thee not as kings should bid, but pray thee speedilie
 To arm again and wipe this stain from English chivalrie.''

He sent him gifts of pearl and gold, and vesture broidered
 gay,
 With mail and plate of Milan steel fresh burnished for the
 fray.

He sent him spear and axe and brand and saddled battle-
 steed.

“ Ah, well ye know De Courcy’s might when at your bitter
 need!

But think ye that your gifts so fair
 Are half as bright as heaven’s air
 I’ve pined for many a day?
 Ah, deem ye that these jewels rare
 Can compensate for freedom’s air,
 Or gold for God’s own ray?

“ Slandered by lying traitor knave who poisoned kingly ear,
 Forsook, forgot as in the grave, De Courcy pinèd here.

And now this donjon’s whitened hand
 Is prayed to draw its rusted brand
 And forth from fetters take its stand
 For England’s fame to fight.
 Once ’twould have been my right and pride
 To lay for England lance on side,
 I leave the course for those to ride
 Who rob me of my right! ”

Thrice have they come and thrice again the same reply they
 bear;

And when they promised all in vain they sent his lady fair.
 She told him how the people had called upon his name;
 She told him how the people had not forgot his fame;
 She told him how the people bewailed his cruel lot,—
 For her sake and the people’s, the King his champion got.

“I go to ride this tourney ; I do for love of thee
The favor I have thrice denied to England’s majestie.”
He bade them bring his battle-steed that fretted in his stall ;
His ragged, dust-stained banner he bade them now unfold :
“ Let others seek new friends,” he cried, “ I trust but in the
old.”

Oh, tattered was the standard and dinted was the shield,
The crownèd flying eagle well-nigh faded from the shield.
But the people saw enough to know who rode in arms again ;
And the cry of “ A Courcy, a Courcy ! ” rose up through street
and plain,

As fire in the stubble, dried up by sunmer’s skies,
Goes rolling on before the breeze and strengthens as it flies ;
But the Gaul from his pavilion swaggered out, and with a
sneer :

“ What mummary is played to-day ? What beggar knight is
here ? ”

“ My name is John De Courcy, King Henry dubbed me
knight,

I come not here to bandy words, Sir Frenchman, but to fight,
And here ride I with steed and sword and lance,
They all have seen the sun rise in thy fair land of France ;
But now for me or thee or both no sun again shall rise ;
God’s mercy be for him who falls, man’s scorn on him who
flies ! ”

But hark ! but hark ! the trumpets sound ; in flinters fly the
spears ;

One steed is on its haunches, the other madly rears ;
The riders spring to earth and draw, and fast as thresher’s
flail

The giant’s mighty falchion flashes on the rusty mail.
My masters, it was burnished there, that harness good and
tried ;

Bold Courcy never blenched a foot and only thrice replied.

He smote him on the gaudy shield and clave it into three;
 He smote him on the shoulder and brought him to his knee;
 He smote him full upon the crest and thro' the helm beneath,
 Like wax passed on the dinted steel and shore him to the
 teeth;

A horrid sound of falling arms, then silence near and far;
 Men's hearts were all too full, my friends, to raise one glad
 huzza.

But when our champion sheathed his brand, and laid before
 the King

The conquered standard, then, O then, they made the welkin
 ring!

But Courcy never visor raised, nor even bent the knee,
 "So much, Sir King, for foreign foes; now for the rest,"
 he said.

"Yes now come one, come all of you
 Who dare deny De Courcy, true
 And leal to England's realm.
 Here is my sword and sole reply
 To brand each slanderer with the lie,
 And write it on his helm."

Some touched their glove; but, lo! the King has checked
 them as he rose:

"I'll find thee knights to cope withal; but, Courcy, they're
 our foes;

For I do hold him no true man to knighthood or to me
 Who dares but for a moment doubt thy truth and loyalty.

Take back thy lands from law's attaint; and now, De Courcy,
 say

What guerdon for thy championship can John of England pay?"

"I'll ask not gifts of pearl or gold
 For knightly deeds should ne'er be sold,
 Or things of barter be.
 Dearest to me is honor,
 For honors never fade.

In memory of yon riven helm,
 And token true to all thy realm,
 This shall ye grant to me :
 That I and my posterity
 Before the throne may covered be,
 Our first obeisance paid."

I've told my tale—as true a tale as any bard can sing—
 Why Courcy of Kingsale may wear his hat before the King.

ICH BIN DEIN.

MACARONIC BIT IN FIVE LANGUAGES.

IN tempus old a hero lived, qui loved puellas deux;
 He no pouvait pas quite to say which one amabat mieux.

Dit-il lui-même un beau matin, " Non possum both avoir ;
 Sed si address Amanda Ann, then Kate and I have war.

Amanda habet argent coin, sed Kate has aureas curls;
 Et both sunt very agathæ et quite formosæ girls.

Enfin the youthful anthropos, philoun the duo maids,
 Resolved proponere ad Kate devant cet evening's shades.

Procedens then to Kate's domo, il trouve Amanda there,
 Kai quite forgot his late resolves, both sunt so goodly fair.

Sed smiling on the new tapis, between puellas twain,
 Coepit to tell his love à Kate dans un poetique strain.

Mais, glancing ever et anon at fair Amanda's eyes,
 Illæ non possunt dicere pro which he meant his sighs.

Each virgo heard the demi-vow, with cheeks as rouge as wine,
 And, off'ring each a milk-white hand, both whispered " Ich
 bin dein."

RETRIBUTION.

AS a little boy played in the street one day,
 A little girl chanced to be passing that way;
 She said, " Little boy, tell me what you're about?"
 But the naughty boy only answered, " Get out!"

The little miss turned very red in the face,
 But she pleasantly said, " Won't you come, run a race?
 Or play a nice game—one, two, three, and you're out?"
 But the naughty boy only answered again, " Get out!"

A beautiful carriage came driving that way,
 With cushions, and harness, and ponies so gay;
 The driver said, " Miss, would you like a nice ride?"
 And the little girl soon mounted up by his side.
 " Let me come?" said the boy, with a run and a shout;
 But the coachman looked at him and said " Get out!"

OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE.

TWAS a curious bundle of sticks, strings, and cotton,
 Of feathers and straw, bits of grasses and lace;
 'Twas woven without any definite pattern,
 Just carelessly woven to keep it in place.

That place was a niche in a gay painted bracket,
 A fanciful bracket just under the eaves,
 'Twas carefully hid by a widespread maple,
 That proudly unfolded its suit of green leaves.

That odd-looking bunch was the home of a sparrow,
 A spruce, English sparrow, with his little brown wife;
 A newly-wed couple—the match of the season,
 And too newly married for bicker or strife.

As the bliss of the home in the Garden of Eden
 Was marred by a lady who had her own way,
 So the peace of that home in the niche in the bracket
 Was marred by a contest o'er feminine sway.

'Twas a warm, sunny morning; the south-wind was playing
 A musical measure through the maple's green crest,
 When a conjugal wrangle—a discordant jangle
 Was borne on the breeze from the brown sparrow's nest.

They stood in the doorway, this pert little couple,
 Their feathers all ruffled by the fresh morning breeze,
 When a whizz—then a whirr—then a sharp pointed arrow
 Came dashing and crashing through the maple's green
 leaves.

Said the newly-wed sparrow, "This serves as a warning,
 Our long hours of labor have all been in vain;
 We'll oil our brown feathers and start in the morning
 On our wearisome journey to England again."

"My dear Mr. Sparrow, your views are quite narrow
 If you think it your duty the country to flee;
 Such a cowardly notion, to fly o'er the ocean
 And leave our dear home in this fine maple tree!"

"Be quiet, my darling, pray listen a moment,
 I've heard news this morning that fills me with dread:
 The Mayor has offered the boys of the city
 A penny apiece for each little brown head.

"With sling-shots and arrows they're hunting the sparrows,
 And piling them up at the good Mayor's feet,
 While he deals out bounty from the vaults of the county,
 And thinks sparrow potpie a wonderful treat.

“ Now, my little brown beauty, I think it your duty
 To make your arrangements to-morrow to fly ;
 If you heed not my warning, you'll wake up some morn-
 ing
 In a warm, cosy corner of a hot sparrow pie.”

Said the brave little lady, as she hopped through the door-
 way

And sat swaying and swinging on a limb of the tree :
 “ I’m a woman’s-rights sparrow, and I think that one ar-
 row
 Is scarcely sufficient to cause me to flee.

“ My spring suit is finished—the fit is just perfect,
 The shade is the latest and loveliest brown ;
 While my dear little bonnet with a pompon upon it
 Is lined with the softest and whitest of down.

“ If you think I’ll spoil it by taking this journey,
 Thro’ the mist, and the damp, o’er the stormy blue sea,
 You’ll be disappointed. If you’re determined to go, sir,
 Why go—but you’ll go without me !

“ I know that thro’ marriage, you’re counted my master,
 But the world will applaud if you exercise force ;
 But I’ve still the resources of all well-bred ladies,
 I’ll hire a good lawyer and get a divorce !”

Just then with a whirring, the maple leaves stirring,
 A smooth, shining pebble came glancing along ;
 It came from a sling-shot—it struck the brown topknot,
 And caused quite a change in the proud lady’s song.

With a shriek and a flutter she flew thro’ the doorway,
 And nestled in terror behind her brown mate ;
 She whispered, “ I’ll go, dear ; we’ll start in the morning,
 Despite my new bonnet, I yield to my fate !”

WHAT IS A HEDGEHOG ?

WHEN Mrs. Mulkittle announced her intention of going downtown, her small boy threw down a nail, with which he had been gouging the parlor carpet, and declared he was going with her. Of course she objected, and of course she yielded after various pleadings and promises on his part.

“Where are you a-goin’?” he asked, as they walked along.

“To Chipman’s bookstore.”

“To buy me a book?”

“No, to buy a Bible for your Aunt Sarah.”

“What does she want with it?”

“To read, of course.”

“Did she send you the one you’ve got?”

“Yes.”

“But you don’t read it.”

“Hush, you little rascal! You must not talk that way. If people on the street hear you, they might think that I never read my Bible.”

“And you don’t do you?”

“Hush, I tell you! I’d like to know what time a woman with three children has to read. It takes all my time looking after them.”

“Then you don’t read your Bible, do you?”

“Of course I do.”

“Then your children don’t take all your time, do they?”

“If you don’t hush I’ll drive you back. Don’t you say a word while we are in the store.” And they entered a store where godly books that are rarely read, and ungodly books that are read, gleamed in gilded array.

Mr. Chipman, a well-known dignitary of the church, whose wealth of stutter was a source of annoyance to himself, and a cause of amusement to unrelenting sinners, came forward, rubbing his hands and smiling in that way which men put down to the workings of cant, but which women regard as true affability.

"Why, g-g-g-good morning, Sister Mul-Mul-Mulkittle. Gla-gla-glad to see you."

"I want a nice Bible, please."

"S-step this way, Sister Mul-Mul-Mulkittle."

"Maw," said the boy, "what's the matter with him?"

"Hush!" in an aggravated whisper.

"But your name ain't Mul-Mul-Mulkittle, is it?"

"Oh, you little wretch!" and she pinched him.

"Ouch, quit that now!"

Mr. Chipman, smiling still, but glowering at the boy, took down a sacred work, clasped with brass.

"Here's a very f-f-fine work, ill-ill-ill-illustrated by D-D-Doré."

"Maw, what's the matter with his mouth?"

"You s-s-see this is a beau-beau-beautiful st-style, Sister Mul-Mul-Mulkittle."

"She ain't Sister Mul-Mul-Mulkittle, she's my own dear maw!"

"Willie!" exclaimed the poor woman, "if you don't hush I'll box your ears, you good for nothing little rascal!" But the boy, having often experimented with his mother's patience, knew he stood in no immediate danger.

"Mister, what's the matter with you, are you scared?"

The good churchman glared at the boy, but, smiling with desperate effort, said,

"You mus-inus-must not ask so many questions—ask so many q-q-questions, my little man. I sometimes stutter."

"What's stutter?"

"Oh, my! what shall I do with him? Come here to me, sir!" jerking his arm.

"Quit that now!"

He remained quiet a few moments, watching an old negro who came in with a basket on his arm, but just as the trade was about to be closed, he asked,

"Mister, do you ever pray?"

"Oh, yes, my little fellow!"

"But the Lord can't understand you, can he?" The

good man turned to Mrs. Mulkittle. "The Lord can't understand him, can he, maw?" The good man looked appealingly at Mrs. Mulkittle, to whose eyes the tears of embarrassment and vexation rushed. "The Lord would say, 'Go away and learn how to talk,' wouldn't he, maw?"

The good man threw the book on the shelf and exclaimed: "Take that hedge-hedge-hedgehog-hedgehog away! I wouldn't stand him if I never sold another book—another book in my l-l-life!"

As the poor woman dragged the boy out of the door, he asked,

"Maw, what is a hedge-hedge-hedgehog?"

GINGER AND THE PREACHER.

Characters. { GINGER.
CINTHY, his wife.
MANDY, their daughter, aged twelve years.
STONEWALL, their son, aged two.
THE REV. MR. BIRD.

SCENE:—A log cabin in North Carolina.

TIME:—Saturday night.

CINTHY. Ole man, what day de monf am dis?
Sometime I cain' he'p skip an' miss.
GINGER. What's dis, hit's—hol' on, lemme see,
What day we shuck dat low-groun' co'n?
Reach down dat a'manac ter me.
I'se done furgit des sho es yo' bo'n.
MANDY. I know, pap, it's de twenty-fird.
Las' week, yo' know, ole Preacher Bird
Preaches down dar at Coony's Gap—
I counts f'um dat—yo' 'member, pap?
CINTHY. I does, an' dis de berry day
He say he mout be 'long dis way.

GINGER. Oh, sho nuff! Bless my soul, what nex'!
Dis baby's tuck 'n twis' my specks.

CINTHY. Hit seem like Stonewall cain't be happy,
'Cep' he kin agg'avate his pappy.
But he comes hones' by his natur'.
Heah, honey, come git yo' roas' tatar.

STONEWALL. Me tummin'.

GINGER. Sissy, chunk dat fire,
An' set dat pot o' glue up nigher.

CINTHY. Ole man, what wuk yo' gwine ter piddle?

GINGER. I'se gwine ter men' up my ole fiddle.

CINTHY. De Lawd! I say, what nex', my soul!
Yo' mus' be gittin' young ag'in.
About de time yo' glue dat hole,
I'd laff if Preacher Bird drap in.

GINGER. Oh, yo' g'way wid yo'! I be boun',
Ef I wakes up de ole time soun',
Yo'll be mo' ap' ter klip de pidgeon
Dan sing yo' hymns an' talk yo' 'ligion.

CINTHY. Ginger, yo' oughter be ashame' yo'se'f
Ter speak dat a way. Yo' takes my breff!
De wickedes' man couldn' say no mo'.

MANDY. Pap, dey's somebody at de do'!

STONEWALL. Tum in.

[THE REV. MR. BIRD enters, and after effusive greetings
all are seated around the fire.]

CINTHY [aside]. Mandy, yo' take an' watch dat chile
I's 'feard dat he's a-gwine ter be crabbed.
I'll set de kittle on ter bile
An'den I's got ter skin dat rabbit.
'Scuse me, Brer Bird, des do ez do'
Yo' wuz at home.

PREACHER. Oh, ter be sho!

[In due time, a good supper is prepared and heartily eaten, then all gather again about the fire, and Ginger, with affected disparagement of his occupation, proceeds to mend his violin.]

GINGER. Brer Bird, now is dey any sin
In playin' ob de vierlin?

CINTHY. Well, Ginger des do take de day;
Hit seem like he des *boun'* ter play.
I's hide dat fiddle times ag'in
'N des ez sho ez he come in
On Sat'day night, he poke about
Tell he done foun' it out!

PREACHER. Well, he mout
Be in wuss business, sholy, sholy;
De fac' is, when a man feels po'ly,
Ez ef he need some stimerlation,
De fiddle cain' hurt his salvation;
Leastwise, dem's my views.

GINGER. I'll be bles'
Ef I sees de onrighteousness
Ob now an' den a-stirrin' up de dus'
Wid sich a chune es "Money Mus'."
Des lemme tell yo', doan' yo' know
De time dey had dat Co'n Ridge fight?
When dey clean up our folkses so?
Well, ole Mars' he come home dat night
All to' ter pieces, cut an' shot
Ontel yo' couldn' see a spot
Dat weren't all bloody; still he walk,
He drag hesse'f along, he did.
Wid sceercely strength enough ter talk,
He motion me an' off I rid
Ter fetch de doctor. Man alibe,
Miss Lizzie scream, she say she 'prib
Ob reason. Fur's de soun' could trabel,
'N' me a-flyin' ober grabble,
I heerd dat po' soul scream an' scream,—
Hit all seems now des like a dream.
Well, doctor he lit out wid haste;
When he git dar he shuk hes haid,
He say dis is a ser'ous case;

He whisper, "Ginger, he's mos' daid."
 He stitch an' cut, an' cut an' stitch,
 But ole Squire plucky ter de bo...;
 Wid all dat cuttin' I'll be switch'
 Ef dat ole man let 'scape one groan.
 Well, days pass on an' dar he lay;
 Sometime de preacher come an' pray,
 Sometime Miss Lizzie pray herse'f,
 An' all de time dey look fur deaf.
 I'se watchin' ob him, do', an' see
 Sech signs ez reincourage me.
 Now ole Mars' in his time had been
 A boss han' on de vierlin
 'N' many a quiltin'-time were made
 A frolic by his fiddle bow.
 I tell yo', gem'men, when *he* played
 Music were right dar.

PREACHER. Oh, ter be sho!

GINGER. Hit were, indeed, hit fa'rly bris'sle!
 My goodness! how de win' do whis'le?

CINTHY. Yes, col' snap comin' wid a whiz;
 I feels it in my rheumatiz.

GINGER. Brer Bird, I'se got a couple o' draps
 O' good ole genuine Yadkin co'n;
 Bein' it's so frosty like, p'raps
 Yo'd maybe take a little ho'n.
 A drap now 'n' den do good I know,
 I fin' it so.

PREACHER. Oh, ter be sho!

CINTHY. Mandy, yo' go 'n' fetch dat flas'
 Fum un' de bed an' hol' it fas'.
 * * * * *

GINGER. Well, ez I were a-gwine ter say,
 De preacher come, de preacher pray,
 'N' all dat good 'nuff, now min',
 'Kase 'ligion cain' be lef' behin';
 But one day des along ter dus'

'N' dat day he been gittin' wuss,
 Been fretful-like—do dat, do dis,
 An' nothin' suit him, he insis'
 Dat he mus' hear dat fiddle play.
 De preacher say, "Oh, no!" he say
 Hit weren't no time fur sich ez dat,
 But my heart des went pit-a-pat,
 Fur well I know'd Squire comin' 'roun',
 When he git hankerin' fur dat soun'.
 An' yo' jes' b'leebe me now or not,
 But right by ole Mars' bed I sot
 Wid dis same fiddle half dat night,
 'N' play I did wid all my might.
 I play "Susanna, Don' Yo' Cry,"
 An' den tech up de "Blue Tail' Fly";
 Den "Old Bob Ridley, Whar Yo' Gwine?"
 An' "Dandy Jim ob Caroline."
 By-m'by de ole man raise his haid,
 He speak—an' what yo' fink he said?
 Hit put' nigh took me off my seat.
 Says he: "Gib me some bread an' meat."
 I laff tell I couldn' laff no mo';
 Miss Lizzie, too—

PREACHER. Oh, ter be sho!

CINTHY. Brer Bird, hit seems I's heerd 'em say
 Yo'se been great fiddler in yo' day?

GINGER. I'se heern dat too, an' stan' a treat
 Dat he was mons'ous hard ter beat.

CINTHY. I'll lay you—

PREACHER. Well, I mus' confess
 Dat I could hol' up wid de bes'—
 But goodness, dat's so long ago
 I don' know how ter draw de bow!

[Takes fiddle, puts it to his chin and runs the scale.]

GINGER. Y' hear dat, Cinthy? Dog my cat,
 Ef I could swing de bow like dat,
 I'd make de lamb git up an' walk!

Why, he des make dat fiddle talk !

PREACHER. I'se feard yo'se jokin'. Howsomever,
 As we don' offen get tergether,
 I b'leeb I will cut loose an' play
 Do' I'se done quit dis many a day.
 Dey ain't mo'n half de night befo' us;
 'Sides, we mus' hab some pra'r by-m' by,
 So ef yo'll jes' jine in de cho'us
 We'll sing de ole song, "Don' be Shy."

[*Sings.*] When yo'se gwine a-courtin'
 Be keerful what yo' w'ar
 Put cinnamon on yo' handkerchief
 An' b'ar grease on yo' hyar.
 Take a chaw of plug terbacker,
 Cock yer hat upon yer head
 Wid a peacock fedder in it
 An' yo' boots mus' show der red.

Chorus. Treat de gals ter candy,
 Squint yo' eye;
 Swing co'ners libely,
 Don' be shy.

When you's gwine ter ten' a shuckin',
 Take yo' possum dog along,
 'Kase dar's nuffin like a 'possum
 Ter make yo' fat an' strong.
 When de co'npile 'gin ter lower
 An' de shuck pile 'gin ter rise,
 Kin' a-fool aroun' de fire
 Whar de gals is bakin' pies.

Chorus. 'Possum pie eater,
 Take de gal's eye,
 When yo' hear de ho'n blow
 Don' be shy.

CINTHY. Ef—

GINGER. Go on, Brer Bird, go on, go on!

CINTHY. Ef dat ain' ole time, I ain' bo'n.

PREACHER. Oli, no, I reckon dat'll do—
 'Sides, I mus' hab some pra'r wid yo'.

A LITTLE DRAMA.

A BURLESQUE.

THIS is a little drama—a regular little drama, like theatrical people play on the stage. There are three characters in this drama: The Little Village Flower Girl, the Lord de Villain, and the Fairy Godmother. You will see how they come in when they come in. Enter the L. V. F. G. [with stagey simplicity].

“Here I have stood since break of day, and have not sold a single flower. But hark! I hear female footsteps approaching on horseback. What shall I do? What shall I do? Kind Heaven, protect me in this hour of deep distress! Ah! here is the American flag, and the stars and stripes, they will protect me!”

Enter the Lord de Villain [with exaggerated stage heroism].

“Five hundred miles through the dusty desert and nothing to eat but pie! But what is this I see approaching over yon hill? It is a bale of hay. No, it is the Little Village Flower Girl! Approach, timid maid, approach!”

L. V. F. G. Oh, sir! here have I stood for many moons, and have not sold a single flower.

Lord de V. Here, little maid, is seven cents. Go and buy a glass of Huyler’s ice-cream soda water; and now, fair maid, a kiss!

L V. F. G. Stand back! Stand back! I am a poor American girl, but I can defend myself. Help, help, or I shall escape!

Enter Fairy Godmother, airy-fairy and unreal.

“Back, man, back! Here, little girl, is a whistle. Take it, and when you are in trouble blow upon it, and remember that the fairies of the lake are always kind to the Irish!”

SHE "DISPLAINS" IT.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

[From "Rhymes of Childhood," by permission of The Bowen-Merrill Co.]

"**H**AD, too!" "Hadn't, neither!"
 So contended Bess and May—
 Neighbors' children, who were boasting
 Of their grandmamas, one day.

"Had, too!" "Hadn't, neither!"
 All the difference begun
 By May's saying she'd two grandmas,
 While poor Bess had only one.

"Had, too!" "Hadn't, neither!"
 Tossing curls, and kinks of friz!—
 "How could you have *two* gran'mumers
 When *ist one* is all they *is?*"

"Had, too!" "Hadn't, neither!—
 'Cause ef you had *two*," said Bess,
 You'd *displain* it!" Then May answered,
 "My gran'mas wuz *twins*, I guess!"

EVER SO LONG AGO.

DO you ask have I wooed before, love,
 Ere ever I met with you?
 Ah! yes. I have wooed to be sure, love;
 How else had I learned to woo?
 Yes, Cupid has twanged his bow, love,
 And wounded my heart, I trow;
 But 'twas ever so long ago, love—
 Ever so long ago.

We stood by the rippling stream, love,
 The same that we stand by now;
 Dreaming the selfsame dream, love,
 Vowing the selfsame vow.
 My heart was aglow—yes, aglow, love—
 I told her I loved her so;
 But 'twas ever so long ago, love—
 Ever so long ago.

And why should memory's flight, love,
 Go back to the might-have-beens?
 'Tis you are my queen to-night, love,
 My brightest and best of queens!
 You will pardon the past I know, love,
 You will pardon it all I know,
 For 'twas ever so long ago, love—
 Ever so long ago.

HECTOR'S FAREWELL TO ANDROMACHE.

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

[By permission of and arrangement with Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers of Bryant's translations of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey."]

"I PRAY you, damsels, tell me whither went
 White-armed Andromache? Has she gone forth
 To seek my sisters, or those stately dames,
 My brothers' wives? Or haply has she sought
 The Temple of Minerva, where are met
 The other bright-haired matrons of the town
 To supplicate the dreaded diety?"
 Then said the diligent housewife in reply:
 "Since thou wilt have the truth—thy wife is gone
 Not to thy sisters, nor those stately dames,

Thy brothers' wives; nor went she forth to join
The other bright-haired matrons of the town,
Where in Minerva's Temple they are met
To supplicate the dreaded deity;
But to the lofty tower of Troy she went
When it was told her that the Trojan troops
Lost heart, and that the valor of the Greeks
Prevailed. She now is hurrying toward the walls,
Like one distracted, with her son and nurse.''

So spake the matron. Hector left in haste
The mansion, and retraced his way between
The rows of stately dwellings.

When at length he reached
The Scaean gates, that issue on the field,
His spouse, the nobly-dowered Andromache,
Came forth to meet him.
She came attended by a maid, who bore
A tender child—a babe too young to speak—
Upon her bosom, and Hector's only son,
Beautiful as a star.

The father on his child
Looked with a silent smile. Andromache
Pressed to his side meanwhile, and, all in tears,
Clung to his hand, and, thus beginning, said:
"Too brave! thy valor yet will cause thy death.
Thou hast no pity on thy tender child,
Nor me, unhappy one, who soon must be
Thy widow. All the Greeks will rush on thee
To take thy life. A happier lot were mine,
If I must lose thee, to go down to earth,
For I shall have no hope when thou art gone.—
Nothing but sorrow. Father have I none,
And no dear mother. * * * Hector, thou
Art father and dear mother now to me,
And brother, and my youthful spouse besides.
In pity keep within the fortress here,
Nor make thy child an orphan, nor thy wife

A widow. Post thine army near the place
Of the wild fig tree, where the city walls
Are low and ¹¹ay be scaled. Thrice in the war
The boldest of the foe have tried the spot.”
Then answered Hector, great in war: “ All this
I bear in mind, dear wife; but I should stand
Ashamed before the men and long-robed dames
Of Troy were I to keep aloof and shun
The conflict, coward-like. Not thus my heart
Prompts me, for greatly have I learned to dare
And strike among the foremost sons of Troy,
Upholding my great father’s fame and mine.
Yet well in my undoubting mind I know
The day shall come in which our sacred Troy,
And Priam, and the people over whom
Spear-bearing Priam rules, shall perish all.
But not the sorrows of the Trojan race,
Nor those of Hecuba herself, nor those
Of royal Priam, nor the woes that wait
My brothers, many and brave,—who all at last,
Slain by the pitiless foe, shall lie in dust—
Grieve me so much as thine, when some mailèd Greek
Shall lead thee weeping hence, and take from thee
Thy day of freedom. Thou in Argos then
Shalt, at another’s bidding, ply the loom,
And from the fountain of Messeis draw,
Constrained unwilling by thy cruel lot.
And then shall someone say who sees thee weep,
‘ This was the wife of Hector, most renowned
Of the horse-taming Trojans, when they fought
Around their city.’ So shall someone say,
And thou shalt grieve the more, lamenting him
Who haply might have kept afar the day
Of thy captivity. Oli, let the earth
Be heaped above my head, before
I hear thy cries as thou art borne away!”
So speaking, mighty Hector stretched his arms

To take the boy; the boy shrank, crying back,
To his fair nurse's bosom, scared to see
His father helmeted in glittering brass,
And eyeing with affright the horsehair plume
That grimly nodded from the lofty crest.
At this both parents in their fondness laughed;
And hastily the mighty Hector took
The helmet from his brow and laid it down
Gleaming upon the ground, and, having kissed
His darling son and tossed him up in play,
Prayed thus to Jove and all the gods of heaven.
“O Jupiter, and all ye deities,
Vouchsafe that this *my* son may yet become
Among the Trojans eminent like me,
And nobly rule in Ilium. May they say,
‘This man is greater than his father was!’
When they behold him from the battle-field
Bring back the bloody spoil of the slain foe,
That so his mother may be glad at heart.”
So speaking, to the arms of his dear spouse
He gave the boy; she on her fragrant breast
Received him, weeping as she smiled. The chief
Beheld, and, moved with pity, smoothed
Her forehead gently with his hand and said:
“Sorrow not thus, beloved one, for me.
No living man can send me to the shades
Before my time; no man of woman born,
Coward or brave, can shun his destiny.
But go thou home and tend thy labors there—
The web, the distaff,—and command thy maids
To speed the work. The cares of war pertain
To all men born in Troy, and most to me.”
Thus speaking, mighty Hector took again
His helmet, shadowed with the horsehair plume,
While homeward his beloved consort went,
Oft looking back, and shedding many tears.

COMANCHE.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

A BLAZING home, a blood-soaked hearth;
 Fair woman's hair with blood upon!
 That Ishmaelite of all the earth
 Has, like a cyclone, come and gone—
 His feet are as the blighting dearth;
 His hands are daggers drawn.

“ To horse! to horse! ” the rangers shout,
 And red revenge is on his track!
 The black-haired Bedouin in route
 Looks like a long, bent line of black.
 He does not halt nor turn about;
 He scorns to once look back.

But on! right on that line of black,
 Across the snow-white, sand-sown pass;
 The bearded rangers on their track
 Bear thirsty sabres bright as glass.
 Yet not one red man there looks back;
 His nerves are braided brass.

* * * * *

At last, at last, their mountain came
 To clasp its children in their flight!
 Up, up from out the sands of flame
 They clambered, bleeding, to their height;
 This savage summit, now so tame,
 Their lone star, that dread night!

“ Huzzah! Dismount! ” the captain cried.
 “ Huzzah! the rovers cease to roam!
 The river keeps, yon farther side,

A roaring cataract of foam.
 They die, they die for those who died
 Last night by hearth and home!"

His men stood still beneath the steep;
 The high, still moon stood like a nun.
 The horses stood as willows weep;
 Their weary heads drooped every one.
 But no man there had thought of sleep;
 Each waited for the sun.

Vast nun-white moon! Her silver rill
 Of snow-white peace she ceaseless poured;
 The rock-built battlement grew still,
 The deep-down river roared and roared.
 But each man there with iron will
 Leaned silent on his sword.

Hark! See what light starts from the steep!
 And hear, ah, hear that piercing sound.
 It is their lorn death-song they keep
 In solemn and majestic round.
 The red fox of these deserts deep
 At last is run to ground.

Oh, it was weird,—that wild, pent horde!
 Their death-lights, their death-wails each one.
 The river in sad chorus roared
 And boomed like some great funeral gun.
 The while each ranger nursed his sword
 And waited for the sun.

Then sudden star-tipped mountains topped
 With flame beyond! And watch-fires ran
 To where white peaks high heaven propped;
 And star and light left scarce a span.
 Why, none could say where death-lights stopped
 Or where red stars began!

And then the far, wild wails that came
 In tremulous and pitying flight
 From star-lit peak and peak of flame!
 Wails that had lost their way that night
 And knocked at each heart's door to claim
 Protection in their flight.

O chu-lu-le! O chu-lu-lo!
 A thousand red hands reached in air.
O che-lu-lo! O che-lu-le!
 When midnight housed in midnight hair,
O che-lu-le! O che-lu-lo!
 Their one last wailing prayer.

And all night long, nude Rachels poured
 Melodious pity one by one
 From mountain top. The river roared
 Sad requiem for his braves undone.
 The while each ranger nursed his sword
 And waited for the sun.

THE PINES.

FAIR back in days of childhood stood a grove of stately pines,
 The fields spread green around them, and their shadowy outlines
 Reached up into the sky so far, that I believed it true
 That angels on their outstretched arms upheld the heavenly blue.

And where the night-winds murmured in their branches,
 sweet and low,
 I listened thro' the dark, and said: "'Tis angels' harps, I know—
 Good angels who will give me all I want if I am kind;"
 For childhood's eyes look far and wide, but childhood's faith
 is blind.

“ Sweet angels grant me but two gifts, and I'll be good; I
pray

A palace for my home and let my mother live alway—

My mother dear, so beautiful that like to you she seems,—
Oh, let her live forever,” thus I whispered in my dreams.

No palaces are mine, but near me woods and mountains stand
Arrayed in all the splendor of the wondrous fairyland,
And o'er a grave beneath the pines the birds sing all the day,
And Faith's bright angel tells me that my mother lives alway,

SELLING THE BABY.

ADA CARLETON.

BENEATH a shady elm tree
Two little brown-haired boys
Were complaining to each other
That they couldn't make a noise.
“ And it's all that horrid baby,”
Cried Johnny, looking glum;
“ She makes an awful bother;
I 'most wish she hadn't come.

“ If a boy runs through the kitchen,
Still as any mouse can creep,
Nora says: ‘ Now do be aisy,
For the baby's gone to sleep !’
And when, just now, I asked mamma
To fix my new straw cap,
She said she really couldn't
Till the baby took a nap !”

“ I've been thinking we might sell her”—
Fred thrust back his curly hair;
“ Mamma calls her ‘ Little Trouble,’
So I don't believe *she'd* care.

We will take her down to Johnson's;
He keeps candy at his store;
And I wouldn't wonder, truly,
If she'd bring a pound or more;

“ For he asked me if I'd sell her
When she first came, but, you see,
Then I didn't know she'd bother,
So I told him, ‘ No, sir-ree ! ’
He may have her now, and welcome;
I don't want her any more.
Get the carriage 'round here, Johnny,
And I'll fetch her to the door.”

To the cool, green-curtained bedroom
Freddy stole, with noiseless feet,
Where mamma had left her baby
Fast asleep, serene and sweet.
Soft he bore her to the carriage,
All unknowing, little bird !
While of these two young kidnappers
Not a sound had mamma heard.

Down the street the carriage trundled ;
Soundly still the baby slept ;
Over two sun-brownèd boy-faces
Little sober shadows crept.
They began to love the wee one :
“ Say,” said Johnny, “ don't you think
He will give, for such a baby,
Twenty pounds as quick as wink ? ”

“ I'd say fifty,” Fred responded,
With his brown eyes downward cast.
“ Here's the store ; it doesn't seem's though
We had come so awful fast ! ”
Through the door they pushed the carriage :
“ Mister Johnson, we thought maybe

You would—wouldn't—would you—would you—
 Would you like to buy a baby?"

Merchant Johnson's eyes were twinkling:

"Well, I would; just set your price.
 Will you take your pay in candy?"

I have some that's very nice.
 But, before we bind the bargain,
 I would like to see the child!"

Johnny lifted up the afghan;
 Baby woke, and cooed, and smiled.

"It's a trade!" cried Merchant Johnson;

"How much candy for the prize?"

Fred and Johnny looked at baby,
 Then into each other's eyes.

All forgotten was the bother
 In the light of baby's smile;
 And they wondered if mamma had
 Missed her daughter all the while.

"Candy's sweet, but baby's sweeter,"

Spoke up sturdy little Fred;

"Cause she is our own and onliest
 Darling sister," Johnny said,

"So I guess we'd better keep her."

But if we should ask Him—maybe
 When He knows you'd like to have one,
 "God will send *you* down a baby!"

Merchant Johnson laughed, and kindly
 Ran their small hands o'er with sweet,
 Ere they wheeled the baby homeward,
 Back along the quiet street;
 And mamma (who had not missed them)
 Smiled to hear the little tale,
 How they went to sell the baby,
 How they didn't make the sale.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

I HAD gone on a visit to Holmesdale, a little town in the north of England. M'Causland was engineer to the water company there, and had invited me to go down for a week.

We agreed to start for the reservoir at eleven o'clock the next morning. We pursued our way up the hill, and proceeded along a wooded byway, stony and rutful. At length, when hope had almost given way to bad language, we pulled up at the reservoir.

An engineer foreman hurried up.

"Is all right, Johnson?" inquired M'Causland.

"Yes, all is right; but—"

"But what?"

"I don't quite like the South Reservoir embankment."

M'Causland turned pale to his very lips.

"Come with me," he said abruptly.

We soon came in sight of the extensive embankment which confined the waters of the largest of the three reservoirs of the Holmesdale company. A fresh breeze was blowing the water in small though noisy waves against the paved top of the bank. Here and there a tongue of liquid spat upon the stone-work, and at one spot it trickled down into and apparently came through the grass.

"This is the spot I was looking at this morning," said Johnson.

"You had better have a few men to puddle up this," said M'Causland, indicating a tiny crack that would have escaped less experienced eyes.

During our progress round the works the clouds had massed themselves in wild grandeur above the hills, and lay heavily above the Apps Valley in front. The railroad crossed the valley on a graceful viaduct at Amnering Junction.

At five o'clock the next morning M'Causland came into my room.

"Dress yourself as quickly as you can, and come down stairs," he said. "Lose no time; I want your assistance."

I jumped up, hurried to the window, and looked out. The water was plashing from the eaves, and, mingling with the heavy drops, burst into a separate stream in every rut and furrow. The wind beat the tall trees and roared amid the branches.

I dressed quickly, and joined M'Causland in the little parlor. He was studying the railroad time-tables.

"Will you take the horse and ride down to Ammering Junction with a message?"

His collected manner assured me. Was this all? A ride through the rain was not much.

I mounted. "Now," I said, "for this great message."

M'Causland's tone had something very solemn in it as he replied:

"Tell the station-master at Ammering Junction, and any people you see, that the South Reservoir will not last three hours. It will burst down the valley, and will destroy the railroad viaduct. Stop the traffic and save the passengers on the excursion trains. God bless you! and, hark ye, ride for your life. I will fire the signal cannon as a warning. Good-by."

The rain came down more determined than ever. At length I reached a small cluster of cottages, and halted under the lee of the last one to take breath for the struggle which lay before me. The summits of the neighboring hills were shrouded in a veil of mist, but far in advance on the level I could trace the railroad line. A dark smoke appeared to be rising from it; an engine waiting to start with a train—and I was lingering on the hill. I rode forward into the storm.

How my horse kept his feet I don't to this hour understand. The wind, which had been high before, appeared to have gathered new force, and rushed across the track terrifically. Suddenly the whistle of a locomotive was carried to my ears. An engine moved out of the station. Another whistle shortly afterward. That train was safe. I watched

it glide away over the viaduct. Five minutes later I rode into the station and called for the station-master. As I dismounted the clock struck eight. A porter came in response to my summons.

“I’m sorry ye lost the express,” he began.

“I don’t want the train,” I replied; “I must telegraph at once, though. Where is the station-master?”

“He’ll be here in a minute. But ye can’t telegraph. The wires is blown down.”

“Can’t telegraph? I tell you, man, I must stop the traffic! The South Holmesdale reservoir will burst this very hour!”

“Can that be true?” asked a cool, gentlemanly man at my elbow. It was the station-master himself.

“True!” I echoed. “It is only too true. I have ridden to tell you we must stop the trains!”

“The excursion leaves at 8:05,” mused the station-master. “There may be time.”

Just then a loud, booming sound rent the air. The sound came back from the hills like thunder.

“It is the signal, the cannon,” I exclaimed. “The water is out. Heaven help us now!”

The station-master called out. A cleaner appeared. “Is that engine ready?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Run and open the points. Now, sir, get up.”

I obeyed mechanically. The station-master stopped to get a red flag and give a few instructions. I now perceived that we were to race the flood—steam versus water. Which would conquer?

A whistle; we started. “The flood! the flood!” shouted the porter. We turned one glance up the valley. A moving brown wall, capped with a snowy ridge, was tearing down to the viaduct.

“Go ahead!” cried the station-master.

I turned on steam, put the lever over another “notch,” and the race began. We flew along. A few minutes would decide it.

We must get to the viaduct and over it first, or the excursion, unwarned, would be dashed to destruction. On rolled the flood. We were running neck and neck for one terrible half minute. The irresistible flood bore directly to the bridge. Stones were rolled before it like marbles. Trunks of trees, hay stacks, débris of every description, came headlong down upon the doomed structure. We fled over the rails like lightning. Another "notch"—the beat of the piston quickened to an almost inconceivable rapidity. We were on the bridge. Hurrah! The curling wave beneath seemed to spring forward. It broke against the buttress. In a second we were across. A tearing, rending sound—a crash! We looked back. The bridge had given way, and with a roar heard two miles off, the viaduct was swept away by the boiling, furious water. But we had crossed the bridge, and in another minute had saved the train.

THE WAY THEY POP IN BOSTON.

PRAY tell me, my own dainty darling,
About your centripetal nerve;
Is your cerebral ganglion working
In a manner I like to observe?
Does the gray matter answer my pleading,
And cause vaso-motors to move?
Ah, dearest, do let the medulla
Oblongata respond to my love.

Your corpora quadrigemini, sweet one,
As also the pons varoli,
I love with an earnest affection,
The result of complex stimuli.
And this coördination of atoms
My cerebrum will still carry on
Till cardiac motion be ended
And peripheral feeling be gone.

Then relax all your facial muscles,
 As the nerves of ambition vibrate;
 Of your heterogeneous feelings
 Make a dear homogeneous state.
 When the ganglia growing compounded
 In the great billoped mass effloresce,
 Let them send through the thorax sensation
 To prompt an articulate "Yes."

GRANDMOTHER'S HOUR WITH THE HYMNS.

MRS. MARY E. LEE.

A GRANDMOTHER with placid face and locks of soft,
 white hair,
 Sat gently swaying to and fro, deep in her cushioned chair.

"My dear," to me she gently said, "I'd like to read once
 more
 The precious hymns I used to sing so oft in days of yore;
 If you will bring my hymn-book here, and sit down by my
 side,

And help me find the hymns, you know I have not long to
 bide.

I'm like a weary pilgrim, dear, but have been gently led;
 The city I've been striving for is now not far ahead.

"I have been thinking much to-day, while sitting here so
 still,

Of an old-fashioned meeting-house upon a breezy hill,
 Where I with other worshippers oft met for prayer and
 praise;

I never, never can forget those good old-fashioned days;
 I almost heard the song of birds and felt the soft, sweet air,
 That stole in through the windows of that dear old house of
 prayer.

“ A sense of awe was in the room,—it seemed like holy ground;
 A burst of sunshine, stealing in, shone bright on all around.”
 Then Grandma took her hymn-book up and turned its pages o'er,
 And said it did her old heart good to see the hymns once more.

“ Now here is ‘ Rock of Ages,’ a Rock that's cleft for me;
 A refuge from the storms of life it's always proved to be.
 ‘ There is a Fountain filled with blood,’ I know that this is true,
 A flowing fountain, full and free, for me as well as you.

“ ‘ There is a land of pure delight where saints immortal reign,’
 Now listen, dear, to these sweet words; I'll read them o'er again.”
 Then Grandinother, with trembling tones, read this old hymn quite through;
 I think by eyes of faith she saw old Canaan's land in view.

“ ‘ All hail the power of Jesus' name,’ ” her eyes were dim with tears,
 As she recalled fond memories of bygone happy years,
 Of singing in the village choir in an old church, hushed and dim,
 To tune of Coronation—she often sung this hymn.

“ ‘ This world is all a fleeting show, for man's illusion given.’
 O child! when tossed on life's rough sea, by storm, and tempest, driven,
 Be sure you cast your anchor, dear, within the port of Heaven.

“ ‘ When I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies.’ ”
 A strange, sweet light was shining now from the dear, old, faded eyes;

“I always loved this hymn,” she said, “’tis in my heart
enshrined,
I’d love to sing its words once more to tune of ‘Auld Lang
Syne.’

“‘On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand,’—I must be on the
brink,
If you will put my hymn-book up I’ll rest awhile and
think.”

I rose and put the hymn-book up and went back to her chair,
I stooped and kissed the peaceful face, and smoothed the
soft, white hair.

She raised a feeble, wrinkled hand, and placed it on my
head,
And with a bright and happy smile the words of blessing
said.
Then murmured, “I am going home, I think I’m almost
there,
The sweet green fields are just ahead, and everything is fair.”

Before another sun arose, she was among the blest,
“Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are
at rest.”

A ROUND-UP.

H. C. BUNNER.

[Abridged by Claribel Brooks from “Short Sixes” by permission of the publishers.
Messrs. Keppler and Schwarzmann.]

WHEN Rhodora Boyd—Rhodora Pennington that was—
died in her little house, with no one near but an old
maid who loved her, society indulged in reminiscence.

Rhodora had been of no importance for ten long years, and
yet she had once given Trega society the liveliest year it had
ever known.

Rhodora Pennington came to Trega as the guest of her uncle, the Commandant at the Fort—for Trega was a garrison town. She was a beautiful girl. I don't mean a pretty girl: There were pretty girls in Trega—several of them. But Rhodora was beautiful as the Queen of Sheba, grand, perfect, radiant. She had plenty of hot woman's blood in her veins, and was an accomplished, delightful, impartial flirt.

From the June day when Rhodora came, to the Ash-Wednesday of the next year when her engagement was announced, a dozen girls with wealth and social position and knowledge of the ground to help them, all pitted against one poor garrison girl, with not so much as a mother to back her—Mrs. Pennington being permanently on the sick-list.

Trega girls who had never thought of doing more than wait at their leisure for young men to marry them at *their* leisure now went in for accomplishments of every sort. They rode, they drove, they danced new dances, they read Browning and Herbert Spencer, they sang, they worked hard at archery and lawn tennis, they rowed and sailed and fished, and some of the more desperate even went shooting in the fall.

It was a great year for Trega! The city had been dead, commercially, ever since the New York Central Railroad had opened up the great West; but this unprecedented activity actually started a little business boom: And Rhodora Pennington did it all.

At the end of the season there were nine girls engaged; and engagement meant marriage in Trega. Alma Lyle was engaged to Dexter Townsend, Mary Waite to John Lang, Winifred Peters to McCullom McIntosh, Ellen Humphreys to George Lister, Laura Visscher to William Jans, Millicent Smith to Milo Smith, her cousin, Olive Cregier to Aleck Sloan, Aloha Jones (niece of a Sandwich Islands missionary), to Parker Hall, and Rhodora Pennington to Charley Boyd.

The only union of the nine which came as a surprise to the community was the engagement of Rhodora to Charley Boyd. The beauty of the season had picked up the one crooked stick in the town—a dissolute, ne'er-do-well hanger-on of Trega's

best society, who would never have seen a dinner-card if he had not been an artist on the banjo, and a half-bred Adonis.

There the agony ended for the other girls, and there it began for Rhodora Boyd. In less than a year, Boyd had deserted her. The Commandant was transferred to the Pacific Coast. Rhodora moved, with her mother, into a little house in the unfashionable outskirts of Trega. There she took care of her until the poor bedridden old lady died. In another town she would have been taught what divorce courts were made for; but Trega society was healthily and conservatively monogamous.

And so Rhodora Boyd, that once was Rhodora Pennington, died, and there was an end of Rhodora. Not quite an end, though.

* * * * *

SCENE 1.—*The Public Library of Trega.* MRS. GEORGE LISTER and MRS. JOHN LANG are seated in the rotunda. MR. LIBRIVER, the Librarian, advances to them with books.

MRS. LISTER. Ah, here comes Mr. Libriver with my "Intellectual Life." Thank you, Mr. Libriver.

MRS. LANG. And Mr. Libriver has brought me my "Status of Woman." Oh, thank you, Mr. Libriver.

MRS. LISTER. Mr. Libriver does *so* appreciate women who are free from the bondage of the novel. Did you hear about poor Rhodora's funeral?

MRS. LANG (with a sweeping grasp at the intellectual side of the conversation). Oh, I *despise* love-stories. In the church? Oh, yes, I heard. (Sweetly.) Doesn't it seem just a little—ostentatious?

MRS. LISTER. Ostentatious—there are to be eight pall-bearers!

MRS. LANG (turning defeat into victory). No! Who are they?

MRS. LISTER (with exceeding sweetness). Oh, I don't know, dear. Only I met Mr. Townsend, and he told me that Dr. Homly had just told *him* that he was one of the eight.

MRS. LANG. Dexter Townsend! Why, it's scandalous! Everybody knows that he proposed to her three times and that she threw him over. It's an insult to—to—

MRS. LISTER. To poor dear Alma Townsend. I quite agree with you. I should like to know how she feels.

MRS. LANG. Well, if I were in her place—

Enter Mrs. DEXTER TOWNSEND.

MRS. LANG. } Why, Alma!
MRS. LISTER. }

MRS. TOWNSEND. Why, Ellen! Why, Mary! Oh, I'm so glad to meet you both. I want you to lunch with me tomorrow at one o'clock. I do so *hate* to be left alone. And poor Rhodora Pennington—Mrs. Boyd, I mean—her funeral is at noon, and our three male protectors will have to go to the cemetery, and Mr. Townsend is just going to take a cold bite before he goes, and so I'm left to lunch—

MRS. LANG (*coldly*). I don't think Mr. Lang will go to the cemetery—

MRS. LISTER. There is no reason why Mr. Lister—

MRS. TOWNSEND. But, don't you know? They're all to be pall-bearers! They can't refuse, of course.

MRS. LANG (*icily*). Oh, no, certainly not.

MRS. LISTER (*below zero*). I suppose it is an unavoidable duty.

MRS. LANG. Alma, is that your *old* surah? What *did* you do to it?

MRS. LISTER. They *do* dye things so wonderfully nowadays.

SCENE 2.—*A Verandah in front of Mr. McCULLOM McINTOSH's house.* Mrs. McCULLOM McINTOSH seated, with fancy-work. *Enter Mr. WILLIAM JANS and Mr. MILO SMITH.*

MRS. McINTOSH (*with effusion*). Oh, Mr. Jans, I'm so delighted to see you! And Mr. Smith, too! I never expected to see you busy men at this time in the afternoon. And how is Laura?—and Millicent? Now *don't* tell me that

you've come to say that you can't go fishing with Mr. McIntosh to-morrow! He'll be *so* disappointed!

MR. JANS. Well, the fact is—

MRS. MCINTOSH. You haven't been invited to be one of poor Rhodora Boyd's pall-bearers, have you? They say she's asked a regular party of her old conquests—Mr. Lister and John Lang and Dexter Townsend—

MR. JANS. Yes, and me.

MRS. MCINTOSH. Oh, Mr. Jans! And they do say that she hasn't asked a man who hadn't proposed to her.

MR. JANS (*Dutchily*). I d'no. But I'm asked, and—

MRS. MCINTOSH. You don't mean to tell me that Mr. Smith is asked, too? Oh, that would be *too* impossible. You don't mean to tell me, Mr. Smith, that you furnished one of Rhodora's scalps ten years ago?

MR. SMITH. You ought to know, Mrs. McIntosh. Or—no—perhaps not. You and Mac were to windward of the centre-board on Townsend's boat when *I* got the mitten. But we were to leeward, and Miss Pennington said she hoped *all* proposals didn't echo.

MRS. MCINTOSH. The wretched c—— but she's dead. Well, Mr. McIntosh never *could* abide that girl. I oughtn't to speak so, I suppose. She's been punished enough.

MR. SMITH. I'm glad you think so, Mrs. McIntosh. I hope you won't feel it necessary to advise Mac to refuse her last dying request.

MRS. MCINTOSH. What—

MR. SMITH. Oh, well, the fact is, Mrs. McIntosh, we stopped in to say that as McIntosh and all the rest of us are asked to be pall-bearers at Mrs. Boyd's funeral, it would be just as well to postpone the fishing-party for a week or so. Good afternoon.

MR. JANS. Good afternoon, Mrs. McIntosh.

SCENE 3.—*The linen closet in Mr. ALEXANDER SLOAN's house. Mrs. SLOAN inspecting her sheets and pillow-cases.*

Enter BRIDGET with a basketful of linen, the "Trega Evening Eagle" on the top.

MRS. SLOAN. Why, that surely isn't one of the new napkins!—oh, it's the evening paper. Dear me! how near-sighted I am getting! (*Takes it and opens it.*) You may put those linen sheets on the top shelf, Bridget. We'll hardly need them again this fall. Oh, Bridget—here's poor Mrs. Boyd's obituary. You used to live at Colonel Pennington's before she was married, didn't you?

BRIDGET. I did that, mum.

MRS. SLOAN (*reading*). "Mrs. Boyd's pall-bearers are fitly chosen from the most distinguished and prominent citizens of Trega." I'm sure I don't see why they should be. (*Reads.*) "Those invited to render the last honors to the deceased are Mr. George Lister—"

BRIDGET. 'Tis he was foriver at the house.

MRS. SLOAN (*reads*). "Mr. John Lang—"

BRIDGET. And him.

MRS. SLOAN (*reads*). "Mr. Dexter Townsend—"

BRIDGET. And him, too.

MRS. SLOAN (*reads*). "Mr. McIntosh, Mr. William Jans, Mr. Parker Hall, Mr. Milo Smith."

BRIDGET. Mr. Smith was her sivinth.

MRS. SLOAN. Her *what*?

BRIDGET. Her sivinth. There was eight of them proposed to her in the wan week.

MRS. SLOAN. Why, Bridget! How can you possibly know *that*?

BRIDGET. Sure, what does it mean whin a gintleman calls twice in th' wake an' thin stops like he was shot. An' who is the eight' gintleman to walk wid the corpse, inum?

MRS. SLOAN. That is, all, Bridget. And those pillow-cases look shockingly! I never *saw* such ironing! (*Exit, hastily and sternly.*)

BRIDGET. Only siven of them. Saints bless us! The pore lady'll go wan-sided to her grave!

SCENE 4.—*The private office of Mr. PARKER HALL. Enter MR. ALECK SLOAN.*

MR. SLOAN. Ah, there, Parker!

MR. HALL. Ah, there, Aleck! What brings *you* around so late in the day?

MR. SLOAN. I just thought you might like to hear the names of the fellows Rhodora Pennington chose for her pall-bearers.

MR. HALL (*sighs*). Poor Rhodora! Too bad! Go ahead.

MR. SLOAN (*reads*). "George Lister."

MR. HALL. Ah!

MR. SLOAN (*reads*). "John Lang."

MR. HALL. Oh!

MR. SLOAN (*reads*). "Dexter Townsend."

MR. HALL. Well!

MR. SLOAN (*reads*). "McCullom McIntosh."

MR. HALL. Say!

MR. SLOAN (*reads*). "William Jans."

MR. HALL. The deuce!

MR. SLOAN (*reads*). "Milo Smith."

MR. HALL. Great Cæsar's ghost! This is getting personal!

MR. SLOAN. Yes. (*Reads, nervously*.) "Alexander Sloan."

MR. HALL. Whoo-o-o-o-up! You, too?

MR. SLOAN (*reads*). "Parker Hall."

MR. HALL (*faintly*). Oh, she rounded us up, didn't she? Say, can't this thing be suppressed, somehow?

MR. SLOAN. It's in the evening paper. (*A long silence*.) I'm going down to Bitt's stable to buy that pony that Mrs. Sloan took such a shine to a month or so ago.

MR. HALL. If I could get out of this for a pony!

THE YOUNG SCHOOLMA'AM'S SOLILOQUY.

HOW sweet it is to instruct the infant mind !
 (" Teacher, Jim's poking me behind.")
 To watch the intellect like a bud unfold ;
 (" Say, mayn't I warm my hands? They're cold.")
 Teach tiny feet to walk in wisdom's path,
 (" Mith Thmith, pleath hear the primer clath.")
 Guileless and fresh, and innocent and fair,
 (" Belle Brown's a-pullin' of my hair.")
 Earnest young souls for me to guide aright ;
 (" Schoolmarm, Bob says he's gwine to fight.")
 Eager young minds that must be taught to think.
 (" I'm tirsty; can't I have a drink?")
 Truly my lines have fallen in pleasant places.
 (" Teacher, Polly Jane's making faces.")
 Oh, my, there's John, fixed up from tip to toes.
 Those stupid young ones! Well, it's time to close.

OLD FOLKS' THANKSGIVING.

TWAS a drear November evening, shadowy and damp
 and chill.
 The snow had frosted the meadows, the woods were white and
 still.
 In a lonely hut on the hillside, 'mong the mountains, bleak
 and cold,
 The firelight danced on the rafters of a kitchen, quaint and
 old;

Flashed brightly up o'er the dresser with its pewter shining
 clear,
 Looked straight in the clock-face, telling the day, the month
 and the year;

Kissed lovingly two forms bending with the weight of years
and care;
Toying with its soft, warm fingers, 'mid their locks of silver
hair.

On the stand that stood beside them a candle its dim light
shed

On the page of an open Bible, open, but as yet unread.
"Mother, to-morrow's Thanksgiving"—his voice had a
strange, hard tone—
"And I know that you'll be lonely, you and I here alone.

"And to-night I've sat here thinking of all the years that
have gone,

Since you left the friends of childhood, and came to bless my
home.

I remember well the Thanksgiving—sixty-one since then
we've known—

When I took you to the cottage that I proudly called my
own.

"How proud we were of our children,—and Robert, a finer
lad

Or a nobler one, no mother in the country ever had.

We never thought it a hardship, even when we mortgaged the
farm

To send him away to college, for we knew the boy would
learn.

"And Jennie, she wanted music; we could hardly see the
way—

Love seldom denies its object, so she learned to sing and play.
But times grew harder and harder, and we—we were getting
old,

And at last our home in the valley by the auctioneer was
sold.

“Our Jennie was rich and petted in the city where she lived,
 But her money was her husband’s and she had none to give.
 And Robert was working faithfully, but fame and wealth came slow;
 Before he reached the summit, he’d a long, long way to go.

“And here in this hut on the hillside, that can scarce keep out the cold,
 At last we have found a refuge from the poorhouse, now we’re old.
 To-day I saw in the paper, but I did not read a word,
 That a speech in the halls of Congress had all the nation stirred.

“And I saw ’twas by our Robert, and I almost cursed him there,
 For I felt that in his triumph, for us he’d no thought or care.
 And I thought of both our children, how they’d spend Thanksgiving Day,—
 And I cannot read the Bible, and, mother, I cannot pray.”

From her trembling, aged finger the knitting had fallen down,
 And her hands lay idly resting on the lap of her homespun gown,
 Pressing closer the hand beside her: “No, father, there’s no mistake;
 ‘Love in sacrifice’ you’ve given, not for them, but for our own sake.

“We asked of God our children: He gave them with talents rare.
 He’ll require of us in a measure what He trusted to our care.

When our sacrifice is ended and we enter into rest,
Our work shall go on in our children, in their lives our lives
be blest.

“ And, father, we ve never given what Jesus for us gave.
We love Him, tho’ oft ungrateful, forgetting he died to
save.”

She stopped, and taking the Bible, read slowly the Ninety-
first Psalm;
Its words in their lonely sorrow were sweeter than Gilead’s
balm.

“ Let us pray,” said the old man, softly, and kneeling to-
gether there,
The waiting angel bore to heaven a broken and contrite
prayer:
“ Forgive us as we have forgiven; ‘neath the shadow of thy
wing
Take us, O Father in Heaven; we are tired of wandering.”

* * * * *

“ Father, ‘tis Thanksgiving morning, and the world is all
aglow.”

She touched the hand beside her—that hand was colder than
snow!

* * * * *

“ I’m tired,” she said, as they bore her from her new-made
grave away,

“ I’ll rest me awhile till to-morrow. How cold it has been
to-day!”

But her patient hands they folded ere the morrow’s sun in the
west

Had set. Her sacrifice completed. She had entered into
rest.

IN THE BARN.

O H, don't you remember our grandfather's barn,
Where our cousins and we went to play ?
How we climbed on the beams and the scaffolds high,
Or tumbled at will on the hay ?
How we sat in a row on the bundles of straw,
And riddles and witch-stories told,
While the sunshine came in through the cracks of the south,
And turned all the dust into gold ?

How we played hide-and-seek in each cranny and nook,
Wherever a child could be stowed ?
Then we made us a coach of a hogshead of rye,
And on it to "Boston" we rode ?
And then we kept store and sold barley and oats
And corn by the bushel or bin,
And straw for our sisters to braid into hats
And flax for our mothers to spin.

Then we played we were biddies, and cackled and crowed,
Till grandmother in haste came to see
If the weasles were killing the old speckled hen,
Or whatever the trouble might be.
How she patted our heads when she saw her mistake,
And called us her sweet "chicken dears!"
While a tear dimmed her eye as the picture recalled
The scenes of her own vanished years.

How we tittered and swung, and played meeting and school,
And Indian, and soldier, and bear !
While up on the rafters the swallows kept house,
Or sailed through the soft summer air.
How we longed to peep into their curious nests !
But they were too far overhead,
So we wished we were giants, or winged like the birds,
And then we'd do wonders, we said.

And don't you remember the racket we made
When selling at auction the hay,
And how we wound up with a keel-over leap
From the scaffold down into the hay ?
When we went into supper, our grandfather said,
If he had not once been a boy,
He should think that the Hessians were sacking the town,
Or an earthquake had come to destroy.

HE DIDN'T ASK.

A METHODIST circuit-rider, traveling through Central Indiana on horseback, came one day to a swollen stream. While hesitating whether or not to venture into its raging waters, he spied a native seated on a log on the opposite bank. He hailed him, and the following dialogue ensued :

“Hello, over there ! ”
“Hello, yourself ! ” was the answer.
“Is this stream fordable ? ”
“Sometimes it is, an’ sometimes it ain’t.”
“How is it to-day ? ”
“Putty well, I guess. I heven’t heard it complainin’ enny.”
“You don’t understand me, my friend. I mean, can I ford it now ? ”
“Kin if you want ter. I hev no objections.”
“Well, is it safe ? ”
“Is what safe ? ”
“The water.”
“It’s a thunderin’ sight safer ‘n red licker.”
“Do you think my horse could carry me over ? ”
“I ‘low I could tell better after I’ve seen him try it.”
“My friend,” said the traveler, a little out of patience at this sort of badgering, “you certainly ought to be able to tell me what I want to know. Do you live along this stream ? ”

"No, I don't. Think I live in the crick, do you? If I had a rock, I'd knock you offen that critter."

"My friend," the minister hastened to explain, "I meant no offence. What I intended to ask was, do you live in this neighborhood?"

"Oh, that's another thing. Yes, I live 'bout a mile yan side o' the crick," pointing toward the side on which his interlocutor stood.

"Well, if I undertake to cross over, will you lend me a hand if I get into trouble?"

"Don't see but what I would."

"All right, then, I'll try it."

The minister urged his horse into the water, and a minute later had reached the opposite side, safe and sound, but dripping wet. As his horse scrambled up the bank, he said to the Hoosier:

"I should think you'd have a bridge over this stream here."

"Well, I dunno. Seein' as there's one only 'bout half a mile up stream from here, an' 'nuther'n less'n a quarter jess below us, it would be stickin' 'em in ruther thick, I'm thinkin'; 'sides we hain't got our new jail an' courthous paid for yit."

"What!" cried the water-soaked traveler, "do you mean to say that by riding a quarter of a mile down the stream, I could have found a good bridge?"

"Yes, I 'low you'd found it there, fer I crossed it myself 'bout an hour ago."

"Why didn't you tell me that, before I swam my horse over?" asked the now thoroughly disgusted minister.

"Well," answered the native, "you seemed so durned anxious to find out whether you could ford the crick, or not, that I didn't s'pose you'd go to the bridge, if I did tell you; 'sides, you didn't ask me, nohow. Yer jess like lots o' fellers I've met afore, that kin ask more fool questions in a minute than a jestus o' the peace could answer in a week. If I wuz you, stranger, I'd kinder be movin'. It's two

miles to the next house, but they'll probably take you in, an' give you some dry clothes an' a good supper. As fer me, I've got some mink traps set up the crick here, an' I'll have to be shovin' erlong. Nex' time you come this way, you'd better take the bridge.''

IN THE HOSPITAL.

ALGERNON TASSIN.

BETTER? yes, Madam, thank you; I am a great deal better to-day,
That old dull ache in my side and my back has gone quite away,
And this morning, this beautiful morning, I feel my old self come again,
Tired, but oh, so happy and glad to be rid of the pain!

See how the light comes streaming in, Madam, about my head.

I think all sorts of things as I lie here all day on my bed,
And I wonder if anything ever was yet so glorious and bright
As this beautiful thing that the God sends to us,—the fair, radiant light.

Just to live in this light and to breathe in this air, and to feel the thrill,

And the bound of life in the springtime world, and unstinting to fill

Your eyes and your heart to the full flowing over with the glad, happy day!

Was there anything ever so bright and sweet as this morning in May?

Lonely? Here? with the light streaming in from the grand
blue sky,
With the grass on the ground and the birds in the air, and the
clouds floating by,
And the little lake yonder, and the hills over there and all the
trees.
Why, I've never a chance to be lonely with such beautiful
things as these!

And the birds, they talk to me, Madam, such wonderful,
wonderful things,
As they dart in and out by my window, and flit away on their
wings,
Sometimes so high in the air that they melt in the blue out of
sight,
And the song comes shaking back to me, falling away from
their flight.

And the buds are bursting out on the bushes all over the hill,
As if they would laugh at the sombre old trees all naked and
still;
Ah! my trees, you are beautiful yet for all you are bare,
For you stand like coral palms a branch in the sea-blue air.

And the little lake there that catches the light and glimmers
and gleams
Before ever the sun brings round to my window his first early
beams,
And holds the day in its soft rose-depths at twilight time,
It tells me a strange, sweet tale of peace in its clear-flowing
rhyme.

Ah! Madam, the world is so beautiful as I lie on my bed all
alone,
And I've so much to be glad for now that the pain has gone,
That I haven't a chance to be lonely and sad, and I almost
forget

That never again shall I walk in the light till the suns here have set.

And here from my window I see them go down one by one in the West,
With all their glory of purple and gold to the land of rest;
But I long to see the sun rise once more as it used to rise then,
And the brow of the Eastern hills grow glad in the light once again.

Ah! Madam, my hair has grown gray since then, and the time is long,
But soon I shall lose the song of the birds in the grand, new song;
And soon when my last day here shall have set in the grand, new skies,
I, too, in the light of the throne, shall once more see the glad sun rise.

CASEY AT THE BAT.

PHINEAS THAYER.

IT looked extremely rocky for the Boston nine that day;
The score stood two to four, with but an inning left to play.
So, when Cooney died at second, and Burrows did the same,
A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go, leaving there the rest,
With that hope which springs eternal within the human breast.
For they thought: "If only Casey could get a whack at that,"
They'd put up even money now, with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, and likewise so did Blake,
And the former was a pudd'n and the latter was a fake.
So on that stricken multitude a deathlike silence sat;
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the
bat.

But Flynn let drive a "single," to the wonderment of all.
And the much-despised Blakey "tore the cover off the ball."
And when the dust had lifted, and they saw what had oc-
curred,
There was Blakey safe at second, and Flynn a-huggin' third.

Then, from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell,
It rumbled in the mountain-tops, it rattled in the dell;
It struck upon the hillside and rebounded on the flat;
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his
place,
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's
face;
And when responding to the cheers he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with
dirt,
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his
shirt;
Then when the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
Defiance glanced in Casey's eye, a sneer cnrled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through
the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.
Close by the strndy batsman the ball unheeded sped;
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the um-
pire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of storm waves on the stern and distant shore.
"Kill him! kill the umpire!" shouted someone on the stand;
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;

He stilled the rising tumult, he made the game go on;
He signalled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew;

But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo answered "Fraud!"

But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed;

They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,

And they knew that Casey wouldn't let the ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lips, his teeth are clenched in hate,

He pounds with cruel vengeance his bat upon the plate;

And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright,

The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light;

And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout,

But there is no joy in Boston: Mighty Casey has struck out.

A POOR RULE.

SAID Mary to Johnny, "O dear!
This play is too poky and slow;
There's only one bubble-pipe here—
O Johnny, please, I want to blow!"
"No, I'll blow them for you," said he.
"Just watch and you'll see every one;
That leaves all the labor to me,
While you will have only the fun."

Said Johnny to Mary, "O my!
That apple, so big and so bright,
You can't eat all if you try;
O Mary, please, I want a bite!"
"No, I'll eat it for you," said she,
"And show you just how it is done;
I'll take all the labor, you see,
And you will have only the fun."

LIKE A TREE.

TWAS Harry who the silence broke;
"Miss Kate, why are you like a tree?"
"Because, because—I'm board," she spoke.
"Oh no: because you're woo'd," said he.
"Why are you like a tree?" she said.
"I have a—heart?" he asked, so low;
Her answer made the young man red:
"Because you're sappy, don't you know?"
"Once more," she asked, "why are you now
A tree?" He couldn't quite perceive.
"Trees leave sometimes and make a bough,
And you can always bow—and leave."

IN THE PIT.

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

[Arranged by Claribel Brooks from "That Lass o' Lowries," by permission of the author.]

IN five minutes after the explosion there were scores at the mouth of the pit; in ten minutes there were hundreds, and above all the clamor rose the cries of women:

"My husband's down!"

"An' mine!"

"An' mine!"

"Four lads of mine is down!"

"Three of mine!"

"My little un's there, the youngest, but ten years old,—poor little chap,—and on'y been at work a week!"

"Ay, woman, God have mercy on us all, God have mercy."

And then more shrieks and cries in which the terror-stricken children joined.

It was a fearful sight! How many lay dead in the noisome darkness below, God only knew. How many lay, mangled and bleeding, waiting for death, Heaven only could tell!

A slight figure in clerical garb made its way through the crowd.

"The parson's afraid," was the general comment.

"My men, can anyone tell me who last saw Fergus Derrick?"

There was a brief pause. Then came a reply from a collier who stood near:

"I come up out of the pit an hour ago. I was the last as come up and it was only chance as brought me. Derrick was with his men in the new part of the mine. I seed him as I passed through. If he hain't come up yet, he's a dead man."

Grace's face became a shade paler. His friend either lay dead below or was waiting for his doom at that very moment.

He stepped a little farther forward.

"How long will it be before we can make our first effort to rescue the men?"

Did he mean to go down, this young whipper-snapper of a parson, and if he did could he know what he was doing?

"I wish to offer myself as a volunteer; I have a friend below, a friend who is worthy the sacrifice of ten such lives as mine, if such a sacrifice could save him."

One or two of the older and more experienced spoke. In an hour they might make the attempt.

When all was ready, Grace went to the mouth of the pit and took his place quietly. It was a hazardous task the rescuers had before them. Death would stare them in the face. There was choking after-damp, noxious vapors, to breathe which was to die; there was chance of being crushed by masses falling from shaken galleries, and yet these men, one by one, left their companions and ranged themselves without a word at the curate's side.

"My friends," said Grace, raising a feminine hand, "my friends, we will say a short prayer."

It was only a few words; then the curate spoke again, "Ready."

But just at that instant there stepped out from the anguished crowd a girl whose face was set and deathly though there was no touch of fear upon it.

"Let me go with you and do what I can. Lasses, some of yo' speak a word for Joan Lowrie!"

"Ay, we can all speak for yer. Let her go, lads. She's worth two o' the best on yo'. She's not afraid. Go, Joan, lass, an' we'll not forget thee."

But the men demurred:

"We'll have no women."

Grace stepped forward. He went to Joan Lowrie and touched her gently on the shoulder:

"We cannot think of it. It is very brave and generous and—God bless you—but it cannot be. I could not think of allowing it myself, if the rest would."

"Parson, you'd have hard work to help yourself, if so be as the lads wur willin'."

"But it may be death. I could not bear the thought of it. You are a woman. We cannot let you risk your life."

She turned to the volunteers: "Lads, yo' must not turn me back. I—since I must tell yo'—there's a man down there as I'd give my heart's blood to save!"

They did not know whom she meant, but they demurred no longer.

"Take thy place, lass," said the oldest of them; "if you must, you must."

She took her seat in the cage by Grace, and half turned away her face; but when those above began to lower them and they found themselves swinging downward into what might be to them a pit of death, she spoke to him:

"There's a prayer, I'd like yo' to pray: Pray that if we must die, we may not die till we have done our work."

It was a dreadful work the rescuers had to do in those black galleries, and Joan was the bravest, quickest, most persistent of all. Paul Grace, following in her wake, found himself obeying her slightest word or gesture. The gallery was a long, low one and had been terribly shaken. In some places, the props had been torn away; in others, borne down by loosened blocks of coal. The dim light of the Davy Joan held up showed such a wreck that Grace spoke to her again:

"You must let me go first. If one of these blocks should fall—"

"If one on 'em *should* fall, I'm the one as it had better fall on. There's not many folks as would miss Joan Lowrie. Yo' ha' work of your own to do."

She stepped into the gallery before he could protest. She went before holding the Davy light, that its light might shine as far forward as possible. Now and then she was forced to stoop to make her way around a bending prop. Sometimes there was a fallen mass to be surmounted; but she was still at the front when they reached the other end, without finding the object of their search.

"He is not here. Let us try the next passage."

But they did not find him in the next passage, or the next, or even the next. He was farther away from the scene of the explosion than they had dared to hope. As they entered a narrow side gallery, Grace heard her utter a low sound, and the next minute she was down upon her knees.

"There's a man here! It's him as we're lookin' for!"

She held the dim little lantern to the face,—a still face with closed eyes, and blood upon it. Grace knelt down, too, his heart aching with dread.

"Is he—" he began, but could not finish.

Joan Lowrie laid her hand upon the apparently motionless breast and waited almost a minute, then she lifted her face, white as the wounded man's, white and solemn and wet with a sudden rain of tears.

"He is not dead. We have saved him."

She sat down upon the floor of the gallery, and, lifting Derrick's head, laid it upon her bosom, holding it close, as a mother would hold the head of her child.

"Mister, give me the brandy-flask, and do thou take thy Davy and go for some of the men to help us get him to the light of day. I'm gone weak at last; I cannot do no more. I'll go with him to the top."

When the cage ascended to the mouth again with its last load of sufferers, Joan Lowrie came with it, blinded and dazzled by the golden winter's sunlight. She held upon her knee what seemed to be the head of a dead man. A great shout of welcome rose from the bystanders. She turned to a doctor:

"He is not dead. Lay your hand on his heart. It beats yet, doctor,—only a little, but,—it beats!"

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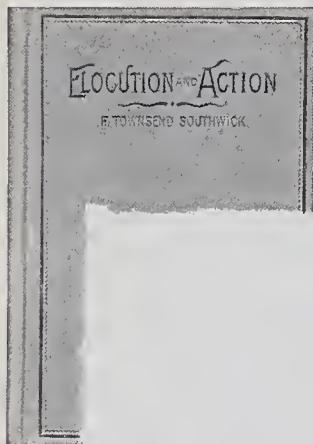
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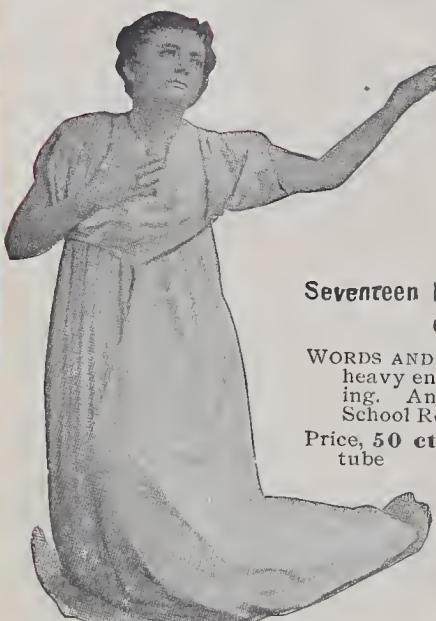
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